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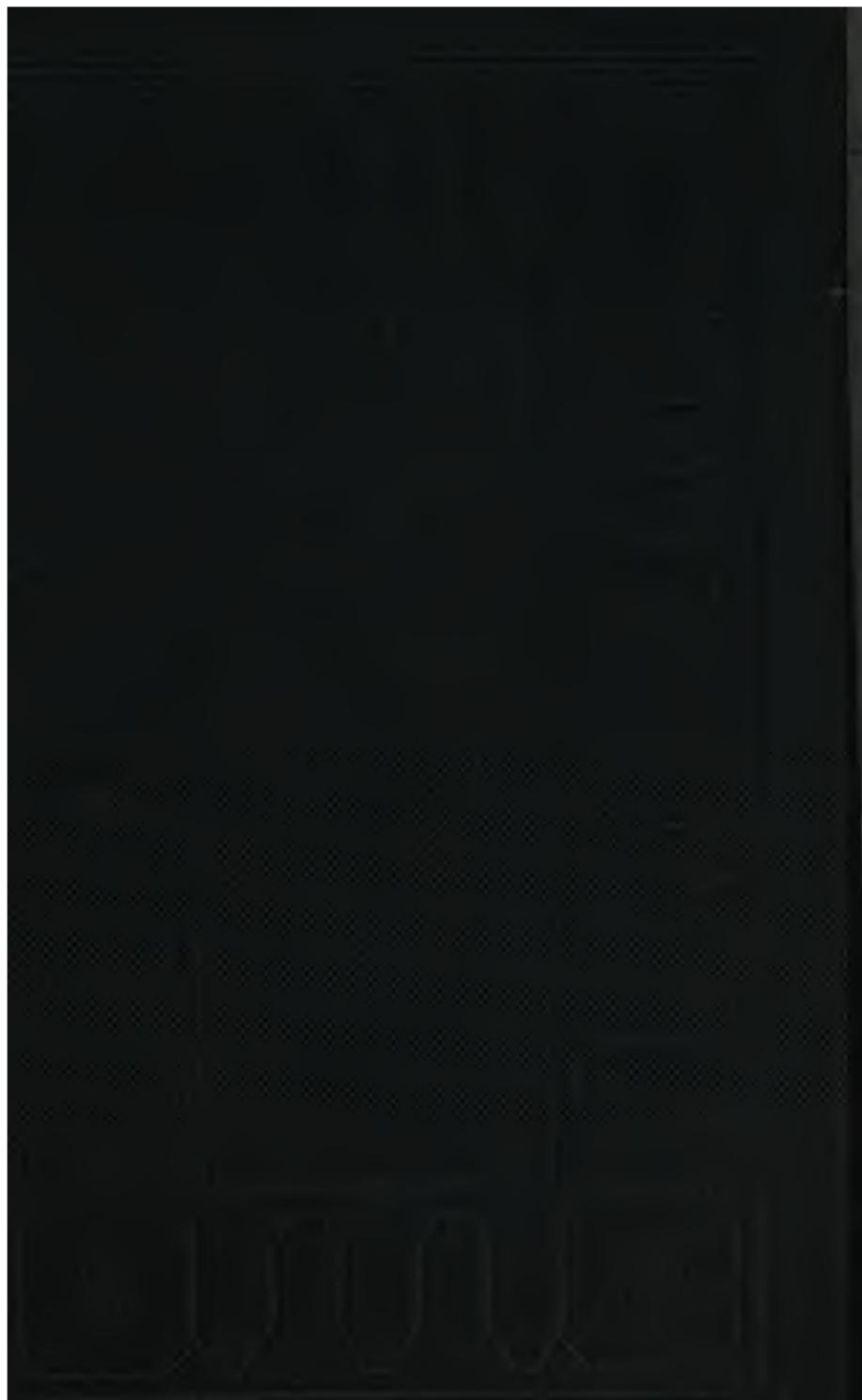
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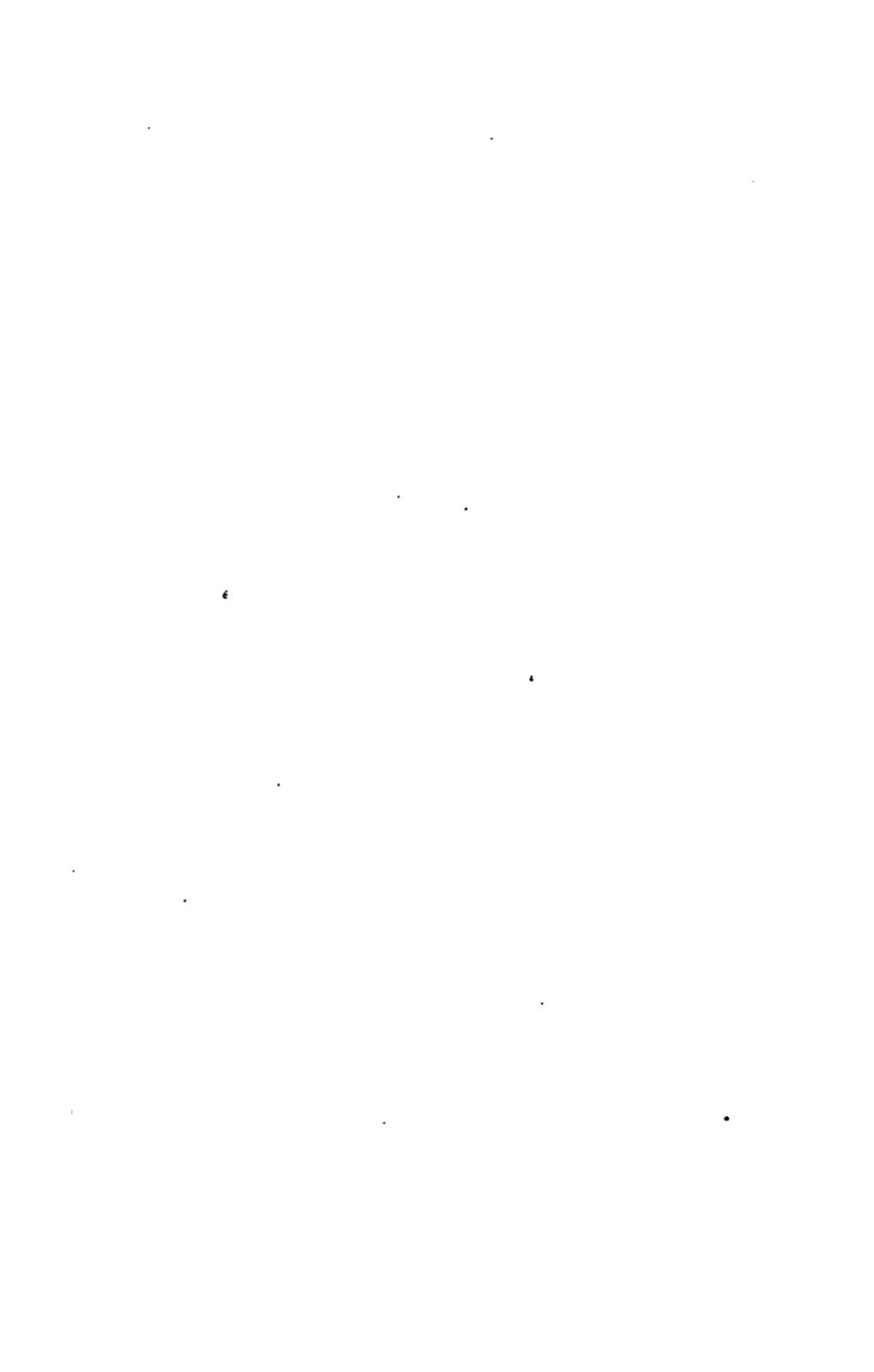


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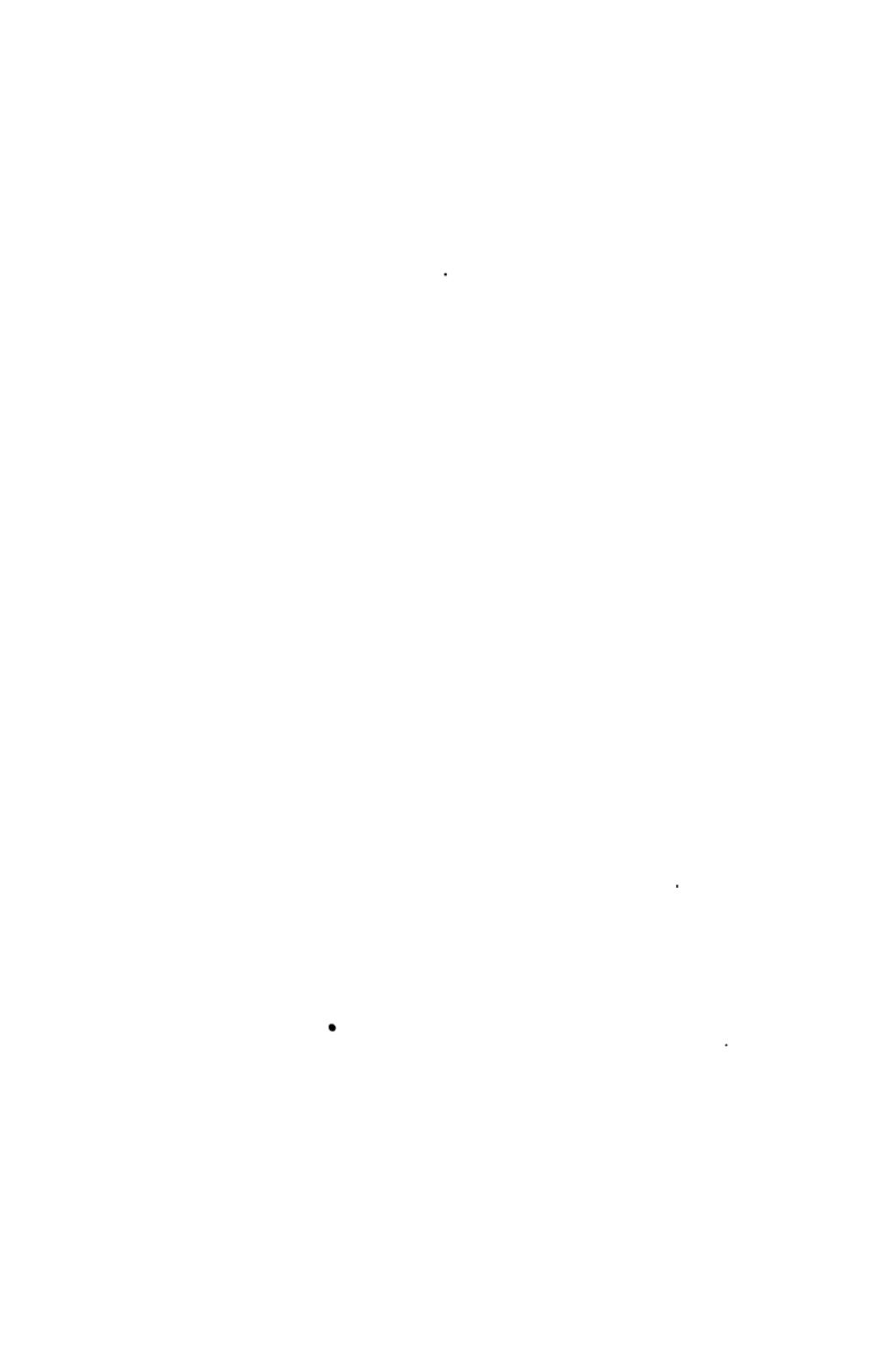


JONES'S
GUIDE TO NORWAY.

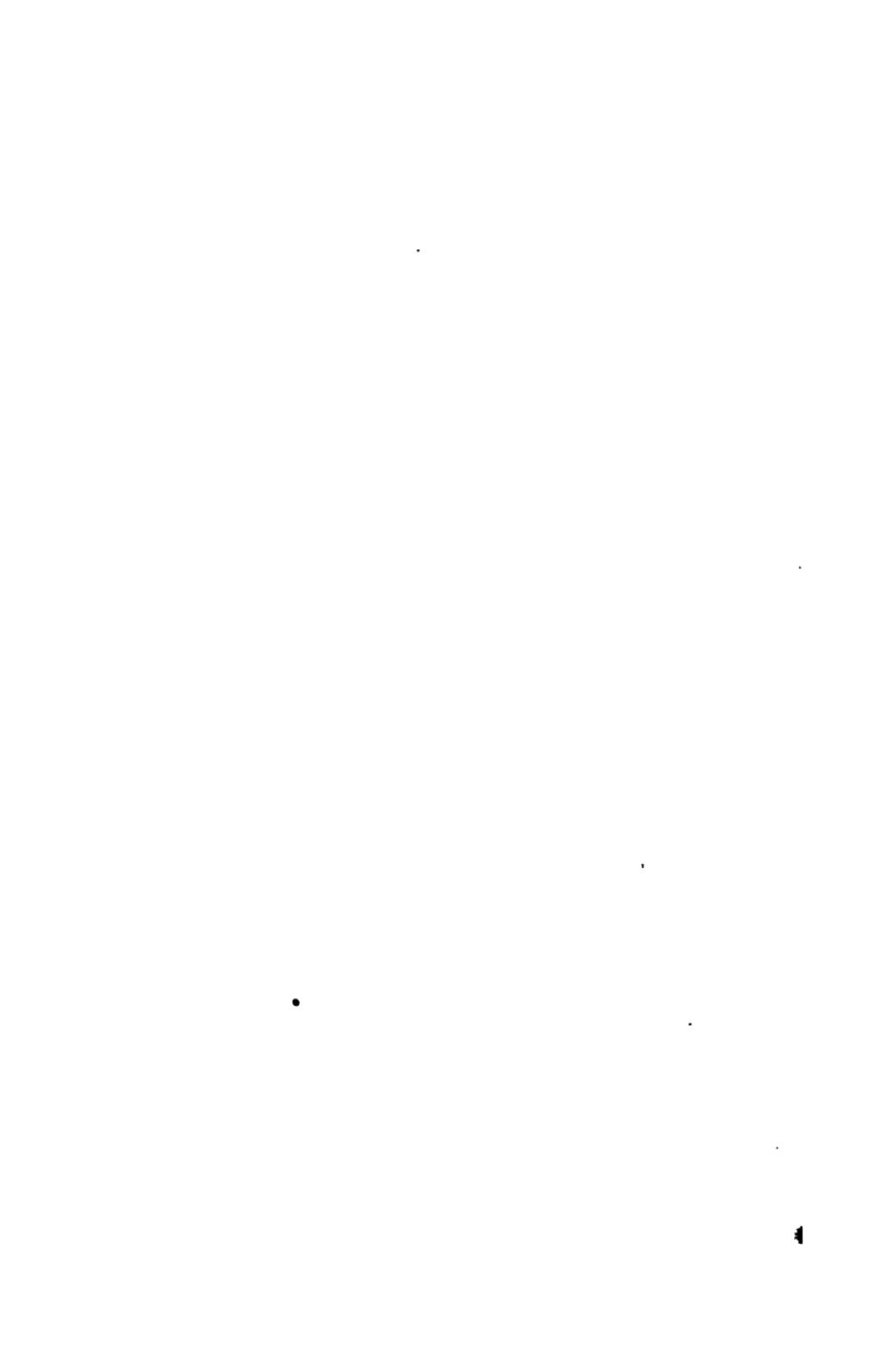














JONES'S GUIDE TO

A N D
Palmer's
POCKET COMPANION.



THE CARRIAGE.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGSON, LTD.

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JONES'S
GUIDE TO NORWAY,

AND

Salmon-fisher's Pocket Companion.

EDITED BY

FREDERIC TOLFREY, ESQ.

Author of "The Sportsman in France" and "The Sportsman in Canada," &c. &c.



LONDON :
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN,
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MDCCCXLVIII.

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TO

SIR HYDE PARKER, BART.

ETC., ETC., ETC.

SIR,

THE permission to dedicate this little Work to so distinguished a Proficient in the “gentle Art” as yourself, and which you have so graciously accorded, I esteem an honor of no little magnitude; for, as the Volume now submitted to the Salmon-fisher will be ushered into the world under such flattering auspices, I am proud at having it in my power to show that I am patronised by one whose private worth and public character stand so deservedly high. Such a condescension on your part must reflect credit on any Individual whose name is brought into notice *under such influential protection.*

I also deem myself especially fortunate in having had the honour of supplying the Flies and Tackle with which you have committed such havoc in the Norwegian Rivers.

To your skill in the use of the Rod I am no stranger, and the honorable title of "Father of the Norway Salmon Fishers," which by universal consent has been conferred upon you, is a proof, if any were wanting, of the perfection you have attained in the highest branch of an Angler's art.

It has been said—and I now feel how truly—that it is easier to write a Book than to pen a Dedication.

The former task has been kindly undertaken by an old "Brother of the Angle," a gentleman whose name is not unfamiliar to the literary world. The latter pleasurable duty has devolved upon myself, and should I fail thus publicly to convey the sense I entertain of the unexpected *honor you have done me, and the high estimation*

in which I hold your proverbially honorable name, I trust you will attribute the inadequate attempt to its true cause—an inability to render due justice to one, whose merits call for an abler pen than mine to record them in this humble Dedication.

With sentiments of the deepest gratitude for the proud distinction you have conferred upon me,

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

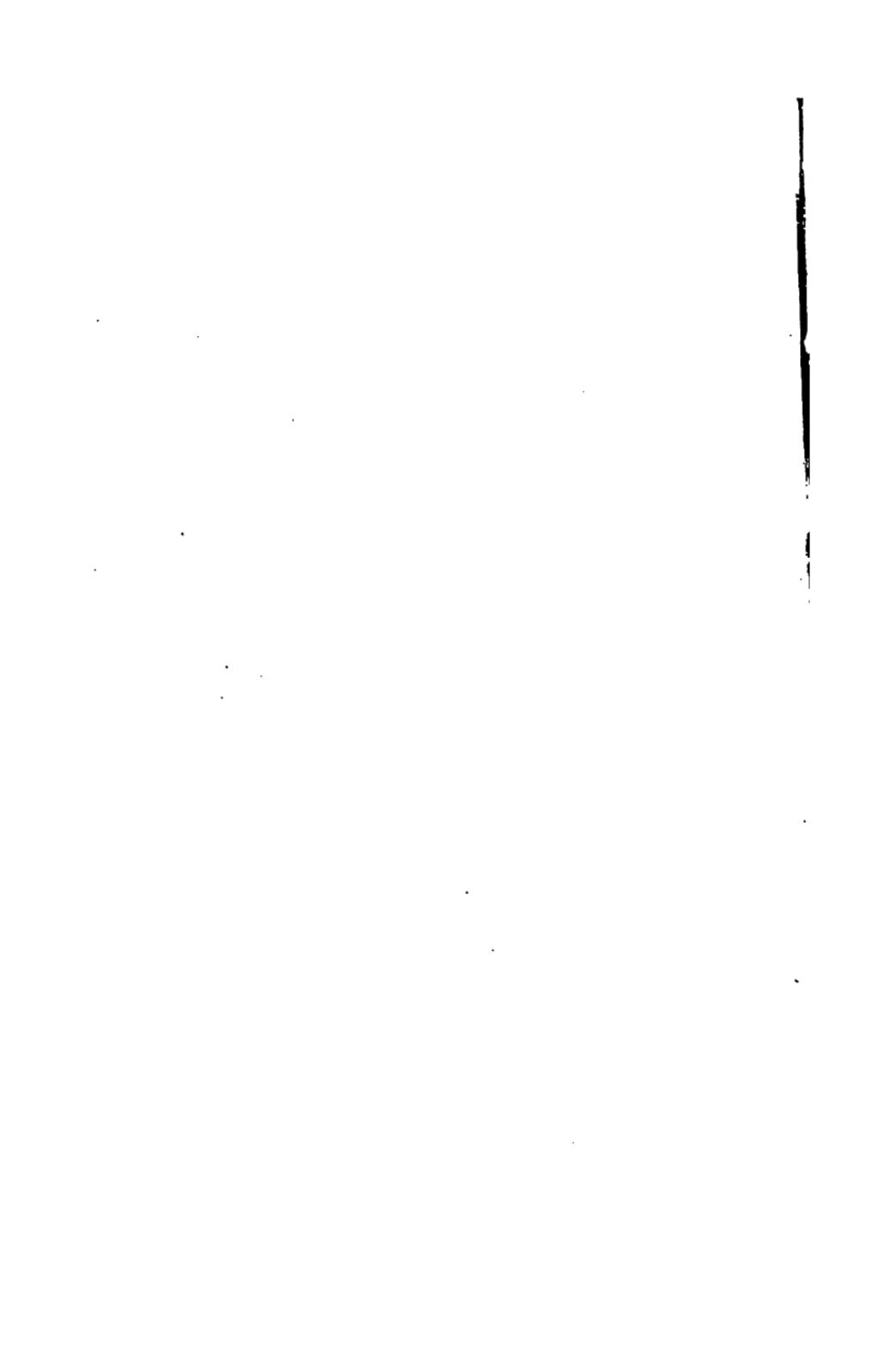
Your much obliged,

And grateful humble Servant,

J. JONES.

111, JERMYN STREET, ST. JAMES'S.

London, May, 1848.



PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

THIS little volume is intended for the use, and, it is hoped, benefit, of the Angler proceeding to Norway ; its pages will be exclusively devoted to the fishing, and the mode of pursuing the gentle Art in the Rivers of this magnificent Country. But one motive has actuated the Promoters and Compiler of the following pages—that of rendering the best service in their power to the whole fraternity of Salmon Fishers.

The Editor feels that some apology is due for adding another to the thousand-and-one works upon Angling—as it must be confessed that the literary market is somewhat over-stocked with similar productions—and this Pocket Companion would never have seen the light, had not a

conviction been entertained that such a portable reference would materially assist the wandering Walton in a Foreign Land. The Geologist, the Naturalist, the Tourist, and the lover of Statistics, will be grievously disappointed on turning over the pages of this little Pocket-book, to find that but one subject has been treated of. It would indeed have been a work of supererogation, if not presumption, to have followed the plan so ably pursued, and satisfactorily carried out, by the author of "Two Summers in Norway," in his amusing and instructive volumes. This talented gentleman and entertaining writer has conveyed, in the most comprehensive manner, much and varied information respecting the resources to be met with, by the Scientific Traveller, the mere Tourist for recreation, or the enthusiastic Angler; and, had he divided his charming and really captivating work into different parts, and published his notes on Salmon and Trout Fishing with the instructions and Routes as laid down in each of his volumes, these pages would never *have appeared*. The author is evidently a Sports-

man of the first class, and a scientific Fisherman to boot. He writes with a fluency and earnestness that bear the stamp of truth, and in a masterly manner, withal. The Promoters of this work have gone over the same ground as himself; and having been more fortunate on his favorite stream, the Namsen—not as skilful Anglers—but as regards weather and the fortuitous state of the water, they can take upon themselves to give a little further insight into the prodigious sport to be met with on, what he most justly terms, this “King of Salmon Rivers.”

The Editor regrets, most unfeignedly, that he cannot speak, or rather, write, from personal experience, never having had an opportunity of indulging an ardent desire to visit the Scandinavian shores; but, should that fickle jade, “Fortune,” give a turn of her sportive wheel in his favor, thither will he betake himself, and render a full, true, and particular account of his adventures. In the present instance he is content to chronicle the achievements of others who have so kindly supplied him with the information he

has been deputed to convey to the Reader. Hence the assumption of the newspaper plural, "We," which is meant to represent the several Piscators who have furnished their quota of facts and anecdotes.

These joint-stock hints and contributions, consisting of notes and memoranda, having been placed in the Editor's hands, he has arranged and put them together to the best of his ability. The information thus obtained comes from the very highest authority; afforded in the kindest and most liberal spirit, and with a feeling that none but a true Sportsman can appreciate.

England is, incontestably, the hot-bed for Sportsmen. From his cradle—so to speak—an Englishman is familiarised with Sports of all denominations. The very toys, with which, in his youth, he is furnished, betray the national taste, and give a bent to the child's inclinations. The Rocking-horse; the Gun; the Box full of Hounds, in full cry after the Fox; the miniature Stable, *filled with pigmy Hunters*; all lend their

attractive aid towards engrafting in a boy's mind a taste for manly exercises, in which, as he approaches manhood, he is predestined to excel. The Sportsman is a Being *sui generis*; he is a plant—as it were—of pure English growth; for in no other Country is a similar specimen of the *genus Homo* to be found. The tastes and inclinations of the future man will be developed in early life; and, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, the school-boy, (and who has not seen him?) who rushes to the neighbouring rivulet on a half-holiday, with his hazle twig, pack-thread, and crooked pin, which, jointly and severally, do duty for more finished tackle, will, in after-life, become a professed Angler. Who ever heard of a Frenchman travelling some twelve or fifteen hundred miles for the avowed purpose of catching Salmon? Indeed, we very much question if any one of our Continental neighbours, either under the *ancien régime*, or belonging to that turbulent body termed *La Jeune France*, ever legitimately caught one—that is with the fly-rod. Strange it is that with only a narrow strait of some four-

and-twenty miles dividing the two Countries, that the habits and pursuits of their Inhabitants should be so dissimilar. True it is that the youth in the French Capital are endeavouring to copy us in some of our pastimes. They patronise racing, and have established a Jockey Club; but the greater number of the *pseudo "Fashionables"* know as much of the Pedigree of the animals they bet upon—and which, by the way, are groomed and ridden by English boys—as an Esquimaux does of the Longitude.

This is a very pardonable piece of Anglomania, and would be highly commendable, as evincing a proper spirit of emulation, if the real object they had in view were the improvement in the breed of their horses; but, if we mistake not, it is an intense feeling of rivalry, and an unconquerable love of gambling, which actuate them. They even carry their craving for imitation so far as to have set on foot that senseless, barbarous pastime of Steeple-chasing. The emulative French youths glory in what they term a *stipples-chase*; but it is

hoped, when the Scions of the Gallic Nobility have broken a few more legs and arms, and dislocated an additional score or so of necks, that this dangerous practice will receive a wholesome check. A Frenchman has much to learn before he can go across Country, and it will not be before the present generation has passed away that *La Belle France* will produce a "Strathmore," a "William Peel," a "Beecher," or a "Tom Oliver." The French are not, and never will be, Sportsmen. As regards fly-fishing they know nothing; they are ignorant of the very rudiments even of the art. "They think they do, but they don't," as Mrs. Dolby Lovechild says, in Buckstone's amusing Farce of "The Christening." *N'importe*—so we will leave them to settle this knotty point with their ubiquitous friend Abd-el-Kader, who would have *hook'd it* had they not got him *in a line*.

Amongst the many rapid strides in the march of improvement during the last ten or twelve years, no advancement has been so great as that in the higher walks of the "gentle Art."

Angling, although followed, with more or less zeal and success, from the days of the primitive Izaak Walton down to the commencement of the nineteenth century, has never been scientifically pursued until within a very recent period. That fly-fishing, as practised in the present day, *is* a Science, I should conceive no one will be sceptic enough to doubt. The names of Sir Humphrey Davy, Professor Wilson, the talented Mr. Scrope, and that facetious Philosopher, of deep research, the witty Mr. Penn, set the matter at rest. If such master-minds as these, during the hours usually devoted to relaxation and repose, can condescend to enlighten us, the humbler disciples of the witching craft, we may well glory in our innocent, health-inspiring vocation; which, beyond the power of contradiction *is* reduced to a perfect Science.

The high position our rational recreation has attained, is mainly attributable to the example and encouragement afforded by the titled and wealthy of our country. Amongst the Aristocracy of *Great Britain* are to be found some of the most

enthusiastic proficients in the Art. The Dukes of Roxburghe, Leeds, and Buccleugh, may be ranked with our most skilful fly-fishers. The late Sir Charles Dalbiac was also a finished Angler; his celebrity on the Scottish rivers was proverbial, and it will be long ere his venerated name is forgotten, or the vacancy in the list of Devotees of the gentle Art, caused by his lamented death, can be adequately filled.

Of late years, Fishermen—I mean fly-fishers—have sprung up like mushrooms. A Piscatorial taste, or a taste for Piscatorial pastimes—which you will, good Reader—has been nurtured and encouraged by the fascinating writings of the talented Authors already quoted. They too have been most ably assisted in their good *works* by some few talented Artists, such as Mr. Bowness, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Jones, who have devoted their minds, their time, and their capital towards the perfection of the necessary auxiliaries to an Angler's equipment. The rapid progress in arriving at the point of excellence in all descriptions of gear, has kept pace with the

marked improvement in every other branch of manufacture.

Look at the Salmon and Trout-rods of the present day as compared with those of a quarter of a century ago. The change for the better is perfectly astonishing; and in the same ratio is the decided improvement to be observed in the art of fly-making. The Trout and Salmon flies as turned out of hand by the best artists in this metropolis, are perfect gems in their way. The mechanism of the Reel moreover, is minutely attended to; in short, nothing that skill, ingenuity, and unremitting attention can achieve, is left undone, and woe to the fish that have to encounter a well-provided Professor of the year 1848.

Under the conviction that the following pages will be found acceptable, if not useful, to the enthusiastic Salmon-fisher—for such the Angler who quits his native shore in quest of sport undoubtedly must be—the Editor has undertaken, at the request of Mr. Jones, of Jermyn Street, to *put together some* valuable information afforded

him, in the shape of scraps and memoranda, by some two or three of his numerous customers, who, in the indulgence of their favorite amusement, have accomplished a trip to Norway.

The Editor ventures more readily on the task assigned him, as he is not aware of any work, either in form or design, similar to the one under consideration. If the truth must be printed, it will be found, he suspects, in the fact that the enterprising few who have thrashed the Norwegian waters have been so well repaid for the trouble and expense attendant on the trip, by reason of the extraordinary sport they have met with, that, on the "Dog in the Manger" principle, they wish to have all the fun to themselves. This reluctance to impart any information, the Editor found to be the besetting sin in those who have returned from this Piscatorial expedition, and he could name one or two of these *silent friends*, who would more easily be prevailed upon to lend a horse, a razor, a top-coat, an umbrella, aye, even to a share of the *chère-amie* in St. John's Wood, than to impart one *iota* of the knowledge they have picked up on the

banks of the Namsen, the Guul, or the Nid. As some justification for this mysterious silence, it must be confessed that the Fly-fisher is a selfish animal. We must one and all own the “soft impeachment,” for the Editor need not remind his Readers—at least all those who know a Palmer from a May-fly—that if we are aware of any particular locality in any given river, where a “lusty Trout” has taken up his quarters, we take especial care to throw our friends and companions off the scent, in order that the said fish may grace our own basket, and that the credit of catching him may be ours. This is a failing common to most of the craft. Happily, however, there is no rule without an exception, and thanks to the kindness of the two or three wandering Waltons already alluded to—but whose names for obvious reasons are suppressed—the Editor is enabled to furnish such information as will enable those who wish to try their skill on the prolific rivers of Norway, to proceed to their destination at the least possible expense, and in the most expeditious *manner*.

The different routes to the several streams will be found accurately described, and the Stations, resting-places, and post-houses carefully pointed out. The Editor trusts, therefore, the sequel will prove that every attention has been paid to the object in view, although he cannot but regret that the task of compilation should not have been confided to abler hands. It has nevertheless been his earnest endeavour, from the crude materials with which he has been furnished, to give to the Salmon-fisher who may have been born with a migratory bump, the best information in his power. The Salmon-fisher may rest assured of one thing ; that abundance of sport awaits him. The country through which he will pass, is by no means of an uninteresting character. All he will require on his journey will be stout tackle, good rods, a fly-book well stored, and a well-filled purse. Should the contents of this little Guide induce a Brother Fisherman to undertake a trip to Norway, the Editor will be more than repaid for any trouble he may have taken in inducing the Angling Tourist to wet his line in a Norwegian stream.

That he will have no reason to repent of having followed the advice here given, there is not the shadow of a doubt; and may he meet with the success the Editor most cordially wishes him.

LONDON,

May, 1848.

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CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION—PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS—BEST ROUTE
TO NORWAY—LETTERS OF CREDIT—RODS AND TACKLE
—SALMON AND TROUT FLIES—PREPARATIONS FOR THE
TRIP—STEAM BOATS TO HAMBURGH—PASSAGE FROM
LONDON.

THE reader, if he have done us the honor of running over the Editor's Preface, will be *au fait* as to the motive which has induced us to submit the following pages to the notice of the public. They are intended exclusively for the salmon-fisher; and to those who may be induced to explore the remote rivers which will hereinafter be mentioned, we trust the information we have it in our power to afford will be found especially useful.

As the Editor has had his say, we

conceive that we have a fair right to open the ball, and we will proceed at once to offer a few words of advice to the angling tourist, as regards his outfit, and other preliminary arrangements, ere he embarks for Hamburgh.

The object of paramount importance in this, as well as every other country we know of, is money. Taking it for granted that the salmon-fisher proceeding to Norway has a good account at his banker's, we will suppose him armed with letters of credit, or a goodly store of Herries and Farquhar's circular notes. All English money, whether in paper or gold, can be easily changed at Hamburgh or Christiania. If our brother of the rod have it in his power to command letters of introduction to the Consul-General, Mr. Crowe, at Christiania, that gentleman will, with his proverbial courtesy and kindness, not only render the stranger's *séjour* in the Norwegian capital as agreeable as possible, *but receive and forward to the traveller,*

wherever he may be, all letters arriving from his friends at home.

In the absence of this desirable permission, the Messrs. Hefty, the bankers at Christiania, will take charge of, and despatch, all letters to those who may bank with their firm. The monetary arrangements having been satisfactorily concluded, the salmon-fisher will bethink him of his outfit, and the stock of rods, reels, lines, and flies he will require. The selection of the most appropriate tackle for the Norwegian waters is a matter for mature consideration, and we most earnestly advise the purchaser not to be guided by his own judgment, but to seek the opinion of an experienced Norway fisherman, or any one of the tackle-makers who have had the advantage of receiving instructions from those who have visited the principal streams of that country. The flies best adapted to the several Norwegian rivers will be described in the following pages, and we can take upon ourselves to say,

that any further information which may be required will be most readily afforded by Mr. Jones, who has had the best opportunities for making himself thoroughly master of the subject. From a sensitive avoidance of giving offence by awarding the palm of superiority to any one fishing-tackle maker in preference to another, we shall studiously refrain, and for obvious reasons, to name any firm in particular.

There are several competitors in the trade, and at some few of the establishments great attention and pains are bestowed upon the materials and workmanship in every branch of an angler's outfit. We all have our predilections, therefore the salmon-fisher must judge for himself, and provide his tackle from the manufacturer of his choice.

We have frequently been sorely puzzled to account for the majority of the metropolitan fishing-tackle makers establishing themselves in such little poking out-of-the-way *courts and alleys*. These extremely

inconvenient localities must surely operate to the prejudice of the occupant; for, as to poising, balancing, or even putting a rod together on the premises, it is all but a matter of impossibility. If we remember rightly, a suggestion appeared in "Bell's Life," some three years ago, as to the expediency of the London rod-makers establishing large and come-at-able workshops, where their customers could call and inspect their rods in their progress towards completion. If this plan were more generally adopted, we think it would benefit both buyer and seller. The purchaser could then try the play and powers of his rod before the ferrules are fixed, and the process of smoothing and varnishing commenced upon. By trying a rod in the rough, its proper weight and spring can be ascertained to a nicety. A rod's proportions should be adapted to the size and strength of the wielder of it. Much of the fly-fisher's comfort depends upon this preliminary caution; for we need not remind the

reader, that an article which glorious Paul Bedford—that prince of ponderous performers—could twiddle between his finger and thumb, would be a cumbersome tool in the hands of that duodecimo bundle of fun, our quaint little friend Keeley. An artist, therefore, who knows his business will apportion his rods to the size and strength of his customer. Having taken the liberty of offering these few hints, we will now proceed to give a list of such rods, reels, lines, flies, and tackle of every description, as the fisherman will require for his excursion.

Let him, then, provide himself with two first-rate salmon-rods: one of nineteen feet, and another of seventeen, furnished with one extra small joint and one extra top *to each rod*. In addition to these, one sixteen-feet double-handed trout-rod, and a single-handed rod; a general rod for spinning and trolling is indispensable, and a spare joint and top should be ordered for *this as well*. So much for rods.

Two salmon reels will be required: each to contain 120 yards of line; one of the reels to hold a silk and horse-hair, the other an eight-plait prepared, line. This latter will be found especially useful on the Namsen, and some parts of the Guul, when the boat is called in requisition and frequent castings are dispensed with. In such cases the prepared line is immeasurably superior to the ordinary one of silk and hair; but while fishing from the bank, or even wading, when the fly must be repeatedly thrown as on our waters at home, then, of course, the latter is to be preferred. In case of accidents—such as chafing against sunken rocks, friction against roots and trunks of trees hidden beneath the rapid streams, and the occasional encounter with floating spars and timber—spare salmon-lines, one, if not two, of each should be taken; together with a goodly stock of treble-gut foot-lines for salmon, and single ones for trout-fishing. Two trout-reels will be wanted as well;

one to contain sixty and the other thirty yards of line; a spare one of each should be taken also.

In addition to these the angler should be well provided with spare rings for his salmon, and trout-rods, loops, and hitches, as well as a pocket-book containing wax, twine, silk, a vice, a pair of scissors, pliers, rat-tail files, and fine files for sharpening the hooks occasionally.

One thing must be borne in mind, which is, that the fly-books, both salmon and trout, cannot be too large nor too well stocked. The salmon-flies, which will be hereafter described, should be very large for the Namsen and Guul, when the rivers are full, after a "rise" or "fresh;" but they must vary in size according to the state of the water. When low and fine, smaller ones of particular shades—as will be shown in due season—will do great execution. Many of the brotherhood tie their own flies, and delight in copying such as they may catch on the banks of rivers.

To such enthusiastic as well as scientific disciples of the venerable Izaak, we need scarcely say, that a dubbing-book fitted up with the necessary paraphernalia is indispensable. Phillips's hooks, of sizes, must not be forgotten, as well as pig's down, and mohair of various colours; of these, scarlet, orange, yellow, reddish brown, and dark brown, black, purple, claret, and green, will be found the most useful. Hackles, of sorts, golden toppings, tippets, mallard, teal, guinea-hen, and good turkey and bustard feathers. Of the macaw, the red, blue, and yellow feather; and the blue of the Indian thrush and chatterer; the feathers of the Canadian duck; floss silk, of every colour and shade, and other silk for tying. These, with a *quantum suff.* of cobler's wax, scissors, and pliers, will complete the list of necessaries; that is, as far as the angler's tools are required, but there are other appliances of equal moment.

The fisherman's costume is to be considered, for he will have to encounter

storms, of sorts, *en route*, as well as heavy spray under the “Fosses,” *anglicé* “Falls.” A water-proof cape and a north-wester are indispensable; as well as canvas trowsers, rendered impervious to wet; a green “Jim Crow” hat, purchased from Johnson in Regent-street, will be found a pleasant and a light “tile” in fair weather. The water-proof clothing must be procured from Macintosh of Charing-cross. A couple of pairs, at least, of strong shooting-boots should not be forgotten; and if a pair of long water-proof fishing boots, that reach up to the hip, be superadded, they will contribute much to the comfort of the piscator, particularly when wading is resorted to. The best boots that we know of, (and we have tried them all,) are those made by Rolls of Weymouth. A pattern from a pair made by the renowned Duflos of Abbeville was given Mr. Rolls, a few years ago, by Captain L—, who resides at Weymouth, than whom a better sportsman, *dans toute la force du terme*, is not to be

found from John o' Groat's Castle to the Land's End. This ingenious son of Crispin copied from the model given him with a praiseworthy fidelity—indeed some say he has improved on the original. Be this as it may, we have tried them, and can pronounce them unimpeachable, in all respects. They are light, pliable as a stocking, and you may fish in them up to the knees, from daylight till dark, and yet be as dry as in a silk stocking and slipper by the library fire. Mr. Macintosh has water-proof boots as well ; but, being *air-tight* as well as water-tight, they are not so well adapted for exercise as Mr. Rolls's; there is no egress for heat and exudation, and the sensation of the animal warmth being checked, as it were, in its escape from the body, and forced back upon the pores of the skin, is anything but pleasant and far from wholesome—in fact, nothing can be more injurious to the constitution. For sitting in a boat under a fall, or standing in water, when no violent exertion

is required, Mr. Macintosh's casings for the extremities are unsurpassable; but walk a mile in them, and *the* case will be considerably altered for the worse. They drive the perspiration in, and this is the only fault to be found with them.

Now, as regards Mr. Rolls's boots, they are admirably adapted for snipe-shooting as well as fishing, and we have occasionally used them in the early part of the morning while partridge-shooting, when the dew was heavy on the potatoes and turnips, substituting shoes and gaiters later in the day. Under all circumstances, therefore, we should give the preference to Rolls's boots for the Norwegian trip—indeed, should not deem our equipment complete without them.

The fly-fisher proceeding to Norway must make up his mind to rough it after leaving the towns of Christiania and Trondhjem. The comforts he will have been accustomed to, and which are invariably to be found at the road-side inns at home, will be

looked for in vain at the several stations and post-houses *en route* to the rivers. The accommodations at some few of the post-houses are tolerable, at others wretched enough. The great failure is in the culinary department. A Norwegian rustic's notions of the *ars coquandi* are unpleasantly primitive, and the *batterie de cuisine* is on the most limited of scales. The universal frying-pan is made to serve for almost every purpose; and if the traveller, on arriving at his quarters for the night, take the trouble of paying a visit to the kitchen, and superintend the washing and cleansing of this indispensable article of domestic economy, it will be all the better for him, as far as his supper is concerned; neglecting this precaution, he may chance to find floating in his dish of bacon and eggs, a mass of filth and grease, which the careless housewife has allowed to accumulate for days and weeks together.

We have a remedy against this evil, however, which, with the reader's per-

mission, we will point out to him ; and we anticipate his thanks for the hint about to be given.

With the view, then, of promoting the traveller's comfort while posting through this wild country, and at his quarters near the river's side, we, in the true spirit of good-fellowship, recommend him to provide himself with a compact little article called “The Bachelor's Kitchen.” Mr. Tozer, of No. 55, Dean-street, Soho, is the manufacturer, and a more convenient appendage to a wayfarer's baggage cannot be found. It is put together in the smallest possible compass, and is extremely light withal. The price is trivial, the best costing but a guinea, and they can be had as low as fourteen shillings, but of an inferior quality. The purchaser will have a “kettle,” a “frying-pan,” a “hash-pan,” a “steamer” for potatoes, a “hot plate,” and a “grid-iron.” This portable kitchen will burn any description of fuel—coals, wood, or *charcoal*. A few dry sticks even will

answer every purpose, and boil the kettle, and dress the dinner, in an incredibly short space of time. The bachelor's kettle, in short, is a glorious invention, and Mr. Tozer deserves to be immortalised for his ingenuity.

As a general rule, it will be well to avoid being encumbered with too much luggage. One large stout portmanteau, and a full-sized travelling bag of enamelled leather, will carry all the wearing apparel which may be required. The salmon and trout-rods will have to be attached to the shafts of the Carriole, and must be consequently well protected by cases of stout leather, or even of deal. The latter are preferred by some, as they are not so apt to chafe. Boots, shoes, and gaiters, in a separate box; and if the bachelor's kitchen be superadded, a packing-case may be made for it, into which can be stowed a bottle of cayenne pepper, one of essence of anchovy, another of soy, and one or two of Harvey's sauce. These piquante auxiliaries

will be found very desirable after the salmon are caught, and when a noble fish graces the captor's humble board in a log hut on the river's side. It is in truth worth a trip to the Namsen to taste its luscious salmon fresh from one of the numerous limpid pools. In richness and flavour they are unsurpassable, and as the piscivorous epicure divides the crimsoned and creamy flakes from the silvery sides of this king of fresh-water fish, he will marvel within himself at having paid so dearly for the comparatively tasteless, flabby, and stale specimens of piscine delicacy, soddened in ice for days, if not weeks, and sold in London at an exorbitant price, under the attractive title of "Fresh Salmon."

Those only who have eaten a salmon, boiled or broiled, within an hour of its capture, know how to appreciate this unrivalled fish.

We Londoners must fain be content to eat our salmon as we can get it. We are at

the mercy of the fishmongers, who congeal their scaly stock-in-trade so effectually by means of ice, that it is only when the cover is removed from the steaming “jowl,” or the juvenile “grilse,” that the olfactories can decide upon the freshness of the savoury offering; and we have, on more than one occasion, had convincing as well as ocular proof of the truth of the French axiom, *c'est la sauce qui fait manger le poisson*—indeed, we once heard an Irish acquaintance assert that the lobster was the best part of the salmon. But a truce to *gourmanderie*—proceed we on our *route*. The trip to Norway, to be accomplished with any degree of comfort, involves a considerable outlay. We should not advise any one to attempt the journey, unless he took with him from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. This is the minimum of travelling capital, and if another fifty were added, that most galling of all observances—self-denial—need not be practised. We know not of an infliction more

painful and humiliating than to be forced to calculate the balance in hand, or the amount at one's bankers, while changing a note or cheque for the purchase of a coveted object. "Can I afford this?" or "Can I purchase that?" should be expunged from the questions and answers in a traveller's note-book.

In recommending the larger sum, we beg that we may not be understood as advocating extravagance or useless expenditure; we merely suggest the expediency of having a little spare cash at the bankers, for, judging by ourselves, such a nest-egg tends to remove all apprehensions of being short of capital in a strange country; and this dread being completely removed by the certainty of a surplus, to fall back upon in case of need, supports the spirits—if it do not keep us in good health. When the mind is disturbed the whole mechanism of the body will be out of order; and it may be set down as a *truth that* the fisherman, with a good

account at his banker's, will cast his fly with greater precision and nicety than the less fortunate angler who is "hard up." Therefore we have shown, upon principle, that it will be a wise precaution to have a superabundance, rather than too little, of the circulating medium. The hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds, it must be understood, are exclusive of the tackle. We take it for granted that the piscator is duly provided with rods, reels, lines, and flies, of every description; but should any addition to the stock be required, he cannot do better than follow the advice hereafter to be given, as to the selection of the proper flies for the rivers he will visit. We have already pointed out the number of rods, reels, and lines, that should comprise the outfit; and, assuming that the angler rejoices in the possession of every requisite for his tour, we will set him afloat on the Thames, *en route* to Hamburg. If the steam-boat should leave the Tower Stairs before day-light, or late in

the evening, the passenger, if he be wise, will embark over night, and he should also take care to select his berth some three or four days before the one appointed for sailing. If the traveller be ignorant of the narrowness of the cupboard in which he is supposed to sleep — the hardness of the material of which the thing called a bed is composed — the noise — the accumulation of strange, nauseating smells — and, above all, if he be subject to the attacks of that impartial invader of men's stomachs, sea-sickness — then, let the temporary victim select an upper berth, as near the centre of the vessel as possible, where he can indulge in horizontal reflection during the voyage, without laboring under the apprehension of the toe or heel of a fellow-traveller's boot, or, peradventure, a shoeless and stockingless foot being poked in his face, by a clumsy landsman, in his awkward attempt to reach the upper tier of bed places. This is one of the evils *attendant on a* berth level with the deck.

A ground-floor is all very well for a lodging on shore, but on board of a steam-boat it entails endless miseries. Should the vessel start at a reasonable hour in the morning, say, seven or eight, we should advise our brother of the rod to betake himself to the “Ship Hotel,” in Water-lane, Thames-street. It is a most comfortable and well appointed house, the landlord whereof has a batch of port-wine (if he can be prevailed upon to tap his choicest bin) that would tempt Father Mathew himself to forswear his pledge. It is, in truth, glorious stuff: a dry, generous, finely-flavoured tipple—many a pint (for he has it in pints too) have we quaffed ere we quitted this good city for foreign parts. A well-dressed dinner and a few glasses of really good wine are no bad *préparatifs*, as the French say, for a boisterous passage, and tossing about in the North Sea.

The Hamburgh boats are fine commodious vessels, and well found, and, to use a nautical phrase, they make good weather.

They are ably commanded and efficiently manned, and creature comforts, both solid and liquid, and of the best quality, are to be found on board.

That transient malady—sea-sickness—although, as long as it lasts, the most distressing of all sublunary ills, strange to say, meets with but little commiseration. Those whose stomachs are proof against internal commotion, can bid defiance to Neptune and all his sea-devils, and play at pitch and toss on the troubled waves as unconcernedly as the stable-boy does on dry land, laugh undisguisedly, and, as some may think, unfeelingly, at their prostrate *compagnons de voyage*, who fall before the omnipotent foe, which, like all cowards, attacks them in their weakest point.

We confess to belong to that exclusive society termed the “Anti-sea-sick, stomach-stirring, breakfast-retching, dinner-bringing-up Company.” We never “wanted to be *merry unwell*” in our lives. Thanks to some unknown Power who deigns to

preside over our comfort afloat, we never experienced a sensation bordering on qualmishness; but, unlike those monsters who can grin with a malicious satisfaction at suffering humanity, we most cordially sympathise with those who hug their basins, look unutterable things at the steward, and feed the fishes instead of themselves. The torments supposed to be inflicted on the evil-doer in a certain unutterable place, must be a flea-bite compared with the unspeakable agony endured by those unhappy beings who cannot keep anything to themselves—even a secret would not be in safe keeping in their stomachs—up it must come—therefore are they entitled to our pity. We trust that many of our readers—at least all those who feel inclined to follow us to Norway, may never know what it is to be turned inside out.

It may be set down as a general rule, however, that man was born to be sea-sick; therefore let not the adventurer be deterred

from braving the brisk gales, and bobbing, short-rolling waters of the North Sea ; the misery to be borne with for the few hours occupied in the rough transit from the Thames to the Elbe but enhances the pleasure experienced by the sufferer on finding himself comfortably housed in a snug hotel, and once more on *terra firma*. Let not the weak of stomach place one particle of faith in those fallacious nostrums pronounced by quacks and humbugs, (synonymous terms by the way,) as infallible *preventatives* against sea-sickness. The only palliative, and one which really does afford some degree of comfort during this severe trial, is hot brandy-and-water and a plain biscuit. Listen not to the would-be wit, who, with affected gravity, will offer as an effectual remedy, a piece of fat pork tied to a string ; eschew pig in every shape, shun cucumber, and touch not goose—stick to brandy-and-water and biscuit—but once on shore, a basin of strong *consommé*, a *glass or two of generous wine*, and a stroll

for an hour or so before dinner, will cause the invalid to think seriously of enjoying his *côtelette* at the *table d'hôte*.

As we said before, if the Hamburg boat does not leave the Tower Stairs until seven or eight in the morning, stop at the Ship Hotel and go on board before breakfast. If, on the other hand, the captain is bent upon starting at an advanced hour in the night, there is no help for it, and embark you must in the evening. A trifling gratuity *d'avance* to the steward will insure an extra modicum of comfort before you turn in for the night. The bed will be looked to, and the travelling-bag, coats, and cloak will be taken care of and placed within reach. Remember, if you are likely to be on his sick-list, that you are completely at his mercy; therefore propitiate this important personage by what the fortune-telling gipsies term "crossing the hand with a little silver."

We will suppose the traveller on board the "John Bull," "The Trident," "The

Caledonia," "The Wilberforce," or "The Countess of Lansdowne," and his luggage carefully disposed of. We strongly recommend him to comfort his inward man on deck with a glass or two of "cold without" and one of Mr. Benson's Regalias. The combined influence of the potion and the fragrant weed will cause the passenger to view, with becoming resignation, the discomfort which will stare him in the face on descending to his dormitory. In the morning the migratories will show in great force and play a capital knife and fork at breakfast, but the Nore once past, and the Foreland receding in the distance, nine out of ten of the motley group are on their backs and groaning in concert in the several recesses appropriated to their use.

As the vessel, however, approaches smooth water, and glides up the Elbe, the sufferers crawl from their hiding-places and begin to show on deck in small detachments. Faces, that some eight-and-forty hours before had been radiated with

smiles, and tinted with the crimson hue of health, will be seen exhibiting shades varying from a death-like pallor, to yellow sickly green, and an unearthly mixture of purple, orange, and white, as if the juices of all the fruits, grapes, greengages, oranges and pines, partaken of during the previous fortnight, had become commingled with the blood, and were about to ooze through the pores of the skin. These frightfully livid appearances, however, wear off and disappear by degrees. The fresh air, and the novelty of the scenery on either shore, tend to re-animate the invalid.

The passage will occupy about sixty hours from port to port. This is the average. It has been performed in less in fine weather; while, with a strong head wind and a heavy sea, it has been known to extend to seventy, and even eighty hours.

The scenery on either side of the Elbe is lovely in the extreme; indeed, we know not any navigable river presenting greater attractions to the admirers of the

picturesque ; and this part of the voyage makes up for the horrors endured during the *trajet* from the mouth of one river to that of the other. The fleet of masts bearing the distinguishing flags of the several countries they represent, remind us that we are approaching the prosperous commercial city of Hamburgh, a description of which—no : description is not our forte—for this we must refer the reader to Mr. Murray's clever and instructive Hand-book. All we undertake to do is, to render the piscator's *séjour* in this thriving city as comfortable as we can, by recommending him to the best caravansary, and giving such further hints as will assist him in promoting the object he has in view ; and, for such information, we refer him to the following chapter.

CHAPTER II.

HAMBURGH—ITS HOTELS—PREPARATIONS FOR JOURNEY—
CONSULAR PASSPORT—A WORD ABOUT SERVANTS—
ALTONA—RAILROAD TO KIEL—STEAM BOATS—BEAUTY
OF THE VOYAGE TO CHRISTIANIA—COPENHAGEN—
GÖTHERNBORG—SANDEFJORD—ARM OF THE SEA—ARRIVAL
AT CHRISTIANIA.

THE steamer once brought up opposite the town, she is surrounded by swarms of boats plying for hire, their owners undertaking to land the passengers and their baggage for a very moderate sum. Instances of imposition are extremely rare. The boatmen's charges are regulated by the civic authorities, and there is much less of confusion and annoyance in the free port of Hamburgh than we one and all experience at Calais, Dieppe, Boulogne, or Havre, and, we might add, on our own

shores, and in the port of London itself. On leaving the steamer the passenger will be rowed to the inner harbour, or "Binnen Hafen," as it is called. Here no officious custom-house officials, or importunate touters, harass and perplex the stranger; the passport even is not demanded; the only inquiry made is by a burly burgher, who, in the blandest manner possible, will desire to be informed if the new arrival has imported any merchandise. On a negative being given by the gentle angler, he is welcomed most urbanely by this personage, who further requests that the traveller will so far oblige him as to inscribe his name on a slate kept and provided for the purpose. This is the only formality exacted from the Johnny Newcome, who will be permitted to proceed without further interruption to the hotel of his selection. Of these there is no lack in Hamburg, affording every comfort and accommodation at a reasonable rate. Streit's hotel is an excellent

house. The landlord is a German, who having taken unto himself a wife of English growth, has the means at command for making our countrymen at home in a foreign land. The *Stadt London*, the *Hotel de Russie*, and the *Hotel St. Petersburgh*, are all three comfortable houses. The *table d'hôtes* at each are upon the most liberal scale, the wines of superior quality, and the charges decidedly moderate. English is spoken at all the principal hotels, so that John Bull, lacking a knowledge of German, will have all his wants supplied without much trouble. It may be well to state, that the form of applying for a passport in London may be dispensed with, the English Consul at Hamburg providing the requisite document for a mere trifle. The same attention will be paid to this Hanseatic pass as if the holder of it were armed with one from the ambassador in London, or the Foreign Office. The interruptions, delays, and examinations which annoy the traveller in Southern

Europe, are never experienced in Norway; in fact, one can travel from one end of the country to the other with merely a “land pass,” as it is termed.

Hamburg is, in every sense of the word, a charming city, and the traveller, if he have a day or two to spare, will have no reason to repent having devoted them to exploring the various objects of interest within and without its walls. One of the principal extra-mural beauties is the river Alster, which forms itself into a splendid lake above the town. There are two divisions of this magnificent sheet of water; the one called the outer, and the other the inner Alster. On the borders of the latter, which is only separated from the former by a narrow channel, over which is an ornamental arch, there are broad gravelled walks, used as a promenade by the worthy Hamburgers and their families. Here all classes congregate when the evenings are fine, and after the business of the day is concluded, and a more attractive spot for

this agreeable relaxation is not to be found in any city in the world. The only two public amusements in Hamburg, of which we are cognizant, are the theatre and the *soirées dansantes*. The professionals at the former are much above mediocrity in point of talent, and the greatest credit is due to the management for the excellent manner in which the establishment is conducted, and the theatrical appointments in general. The company, taken altogether, is a very good one, and deserving of the liberal patronage they meet with. Of the morality of the *soirées dansantes* it comes not within our province to speak. In this, as in every city, the youth of both sexes form the larger portion of the frequenters. Here fun, revelry, and mirth, are in the ascendant; but there is no outward show of licentiousness, nothing vulgar or gross, not a look or gesture offensive to decency. So that if the fascinating fair ones—bless their rotundities!—do occasionally take a gallop over the marriage course, without

the formality of a Priest's licence, the little rogues do it so cleverly and clandestinely that we cannot find it in our hearts to condemn them. The boisterous vulgarity in which the medical students and lawyers' clerks indulge at the Casinos in London, and the *étudiants* of Paris at the *salles de danse* of that licentious capital, is, with equal good taste and propriety, studiously avoided in Hamburg. The "jolly Angler," as the brotherhood of the craft are sometimes designated, may therefore, without damage to his reputation, repair to these public *réunions*, where he can indulge in some capital waltzing, and do a bit of polka on the sly, with great satisfaction to himself and, perchance, that of his comely, blue-eyed partner. Those who love pretty girls, and take delight in saltatory exercises, will find plenty of amusement at these *soirées dansantes*.

These allurements however must not be permitted to interfere with the object our *Piscator* has in view. The chubby Syrens

of the ball-room must not seduce him from his purpose. The Guul, the Nid, and the Namsen, must, to the exclusion of every other subject, occupy his thoughts. Fishing must take precedence of flirtation—in short, dalliance and love-making should not be thought of until the tourist is on his way homewards.

In order to insure as much sport as possible, we should advise the enthusiastic angler to leave London and its gaieties in the early part of the month of May. Operas, parties, dinners, and balls, will have to be relinquished ; but they weigh but little in the fisherman's scale, when balanced against the sport that awaits him at the end of his journey. The English bank-notes and sovereigns with which the traveller will have provided himself need not be changed before arriving at Christiania, as Her Majesty's portrait, set in gold, and the name of Abraham Newland's successor, will frank the possessor of these talismans the whole of the way, by sea as

well as land, between Hamburgh and the Norwegian capital. Before jumping into the cab which conveys the *vogageur* to the Railway Station at Altona, whence he will proceed to Kiel, where a steam-boat will be in readiness to embark passengers for Copenhagen, Göthenborg, Sandefjord, and Christiania, let us see how much of his capital has been expended. The fare from London to Hamburgh, in the chief cabin, is four pounds; a couple of breakfasts, and as many dinners, (*stomacho volente*) and divers glasses of brandy-and-water—*calida cum, and frigidum sine*—may amount to about a pound more. The expences at the hotel will average about ten or twelve shillings a day. The charge for the *table d'hôte* dinner—and a better no reasonable being need desire—is two-and-fourpence, exclusive of wine. Bed, breakfast, coffee, and its consecutive *chasse*, will amount, with other little *etceteras*, to about the sum mentioned. We know not of any fixed *scale for a bachelor's expences.* These

must depend upon his tastes, habits, and constitutional temperament. The evening's diversions, therefore, at the theatre, *café*, or *soirée dansante*, cannot be noted with anything like accuracy. Who bestows a thought on pounds, shillings, and pence in a ball-room, while the senses are under the influence of melodious music, to say nothing of a bottle or so of champagne in one's head, and a piquante grisette on one's arm? A fig for all such grovelling calculations!—ergo, the odd pieces of gold or silver so laid out we will leave—

But it is time to leave Hamburgh and its manifold attractions. From the hotel to the railway station at Altona the distance is nearly three miles, although Altona itself may be said to join Hamburgh, and to form part and parcel of that city. The fare for the cabriolet, which will also convey the passenger's luggage, varies from two to three shillings. The journey from Altona to Kiel is now performed by rail. Formerly this was a most tedious, bone-

setting undertaking, for it was either accomplished in a vehicle termed an "Eilwagen," or by Diligence. Thanks, however, to the universal adoption of steam, the distance (sixty miles) is soon run over, and the fare is but twelve shillings (English).

The bay, on the borders of which the town of Kiel is built, is excessively beautiful; and the town itself, or, perhaps, we ought to say, city, presents a very imposing appearance. By the new regulations, however, set on foot by the managers of the railway and the proprietors of the steam-boats, but little time is allowed for seeing the lions, as the living cargo from the train is shipped with all possible expedition on board of the steam-boat. Before the paddle-wheels are in motion, however, the natural beauties in, and around, this commodious harbour, can be seen to great advantage from the deck. There is a great depth of water in the harbour, which is capable of affording safe anchorage for *ships of any tonnage*, and its situation

effectually protects them from the prevalent winds of the Baltic.

The fare in the chief cabin from Kiel to Copenhagen is one pound eight shillings. The boat is an iron one, and is well manned and ably commanded : the accommodations are tolerably good, but hardly ample enough for the traffic, for occasionally the vessel is so crowded with passengers as to drive all those possessed of sensitive noses, from the close and confined cabins, on to the deck above. The worthy Danes have got to learn the blessed comfort to themselves (and others) of ablution ; the exhalations, therefore, arising from their unwashed anatomies, commingled with the fumes of very indifferent tobacco, and an intermixture of an execrable fiery compound of raw spirit, all combine to create an effluvium which is intensely overpowering. The deck, under such circumstances, is the only place of refuge to those of delicate nostrils and tender stomachs. The voyage from Kiel to Copenhagen does not occupy more than

from sixteen to eighteen hours, and as long as daylight lasts there will not be any cause for regret at having been driven from the cabin below. On stretching out from the bay the view on all sides is enchanting in the extreme, and the clusters of islands with which the broad expanse of water is dotted, add in no slight degree to this marine landscape. A more varied scene it is impossible to conceive, and the Danish islands of Laaland, Falster, Möen, and other minor groups, through the narrow channels between each of which the steam-boat glides, afford the lovers of the picturesque a treat of the highest order.

For the reasons above stated, the breezes of the Baltic are to be preferred to the fetid atmosphere of the cabin, and as soon as night sets in, we should advise the traveller to make friends with the steward and secure a mattress, bolster, and rug: these, with the addition of his cloak, dread-nought, and a top-coat or two, will effectually *keep out cold and damp*; a bed on

deck, with cigars and brandy-and-water *à discréteion*, is decidedly pleasanter than being stifled in a confined space with fifty or sixty odoriferous companions. Between Kiel and Copenhagen the boat does not stop; but arrived at the latter city the luggage must be looked to, as both passengers and their property are here transferred to another boat, which, by the present arrangement, will carry them on to Christiania. The changes used to be more frequent, and entailed a vast deal of trouble and annoyance. On such occasions the absence of one's servant is much felt, but even this inconvenience is preferable to the infliction of having to endure the murmurings of a self-willed, self-sufficient, ignorant English valet—for one of our thorough-bred, London fine gentlemen, who knows no other language than the vernacular of St. James's, is an encumbrance not easily shaken off in a strange country. If a German, who has travelled through Norway and Sweden, could be

picked up in this metropolis, he would be an invaluable attendant; otherwise, we would recommend our brother of the rod to shift for himself, and exercise his patience until his arrival at Christiania, when, by applying to the English Consul, or his bankers, he will have a trustworthy servant recommended to him, who will be found especially useful; in fact, an Englishman who knows nothing of the language will find himself in an awful "fix" at all the stations which he will have to pass *en route* to the several rivers. In all probability the boat will remain long enough at Copenhagen to admit of a visit to the museums and public edifices, with which this magnificent city abounds; and if the many curiosities to be found within its walls should tempt the traveller, if he can spare the time, to take up his quarters at an hotel, until the departure of the next steamer, he will find much to gratify him. The angler probably would rather defer *the inspection* of Thorswalden's matchless

works, until on his way homewards; bearing in mind the primary object of his journey, that of killing as many salmon as he can in the short space of time allowed him.

The hotels at Copenhagen are well appointed. The "Hotel d'Angleterre," the "Phoenix Hotel," and the "Royal Hotel," are all first-rate houses: the accommodations are excellent; the attendance good; and the charges moderate. The price charged for dinner at the *table d'hôte* is two-and-four-pence, and a bottle of capital wine for about the same sum.

Should our brother of the craft have been armed with letters of introduction to any of the hospitable inhabitants of this renowned city, it may be as well for him to engage the services of an attendant *here*. There will be found groups of these way-faring flunkies hanging about the portals of the different hotels; but before engaging such a temporary servant, the precaution of ascertaining the extent of his qualifications

as a “help,” as the Americans term a domestic, and his character for honesty and sobriety, should be observed. These *renseignemens* can easily be obtained from a respectable inhabitant, and any resident gentleman, to whom the traveller may have been recommended, will so far interest himself in the matter as to prevent any stranger from being imposed upon.

The city of Copenhagen possesses so many objects of interest to the English visitor, that, angler though he be, a couple of days can easily be spared and devoted to the purpose of inspecting the public buildings and works of art. The modern history of Copenhagen is so interwoven with that of our own country, that the disciple of Honest Izaak may well be excused for delaying his piscatorial tour, and banishing from his mind all thoughts, for eight-and-forty hours, of fosses, fjords, pools, and salmon.

The Thorswalden Museum, we should *conceive*, will first claim attention, and the

inspection of the works of this unrivalled master will leave little cause for regret at having postponed for a day or two the journey northward. The Danes, as may be supposed, are not a little proud of their countryman, and the magnificent productions from his chisel are to be found in the churches, in more than one of the public institutions, and in the newly erected palace of Christiansburg, about seven miles from the city. In this latter splendid edifice are some reliefs of surpassing beauty, and we would select one group as the most striking—that of Alexander taming Bucephalus. It is in truth a wonderful work of art, and once seen can never be forgotten. In one of the churches—the Frauen-kirke if we mistake not—is a colossal figure of our Saviour surrounded by the Apostles. The expression of the countenance of the Redeemer is benignant in the extreme, and the spectator, while beholding this glorious specimen of art, forgets, while so contemplating this life-like figure of the Deity,

that it is the work of human hands. Such was the power of the mighty genius who conceived and executed this memorable master-piece. The public walks around the fortifications, or in the language of the country, "Lange-lienire," are well worth visiting, and, in the progress of his rounds, the stranger will not fail to observe near one of the gates, without the ramparts, a plain marble column, commemorative of the sanguinary contest in 1801, when so many of the brave Danes fell in defence of their country during the attack by the English.

The justness of this proceeding is still much questioned—but we eschew politics, and must leave the matter to be decided by wiser heads than ours. The merchants at Copenhagen are proverbial for their hospitality, and the guest who may have the good fortune to be the bearer of letters from London, will find no little difficulty in being permitted to proceed on to *Christiania*. *But the impatient fisherman will*

doubtless be proof against all the temptations of good cheer and good fellowship, and proceed by the steamer next in succession to the one he will have quitted in the indulgence of his curiosity to explore the city and its museums. Some six or eight years back, the boats were changed at almost every intervening port—a system that entailed endless worry and annoyance on the wayfarer.

According to the existing arrangement—that is to say, that in operation last year and the preceding one—but one change of boats takes place during the transit, and that at Copenhagen.

The wonders of the city explored, and the boat for Christiania hissing the warning signal for departure, the traveller will once more embark for the land of promise. The voyage from Copenhagen to Christiania will occupy about forty-five or forty-eight hours, including two stoppages—one of three or four hours at Göthenborg, and another halt of five or six at Sandefjord.

At both of these sea-ports passengers are landed and others taken up. The same crowding and suffocating odours drive the lovers of pure air on deck. Nothing can exceed the heat and combination of villainous smells which issue from the lower regions. How the natives stand such an atmosphere surpasses comprehension. The black hole of Calcutta must have been an ice-well in comparison. The town of Göthenborg is built on the Fjord, or arm of the sea, into which the river Götha empties itself. Göthenborg is one of the principal sea-port towns of Sweden, but is not in so flourishing a condition as formerly. The passengers have ample time to land and stretch their legs, and we recommend any of the brotherhood who may feel inclined to follow in our steps, to go on shore, were it only to enjoy the luxury of a bath, as there is an excellent establishment of this kind in the town, as well as to indulge in a gossip with the *worthy* Mrs. Todd, whose husband is the

undoubted proprietor of the best hotel in Göttenborg. This obliging landlady will broil a salmon cutlet for a customer scientifically and expeditiously, and her lobster-sauce is unimpeachable—an important fact well worthy of being borne in mind by the curious in such matters. The Göttenborg porter has a Scandinavian reputation; but, to a Londoner who indulges in such heavy potations, we should say it would scarcely pass muster. It is a brown and frothy liquid, but has no more body than the living skeleton—that is, if the *anatomie vivante* we saw exhibited in Pall-Mall some years ago be still alive. The salmon and lobsters in this said town of Göttenborg are magnificent creations, and the piscivorous *gourmet* ought to visit this place, were it only to revel in the luxury of these joint productions of sea and river. Billingsgate and Hungerford, hide your diminished heads! The Gotha river, and the rocky Fjord of Göttenborg, beat the stale commodities brought to the

markets on the Thames from Scotland and the Channel, out of the field. Fresh and flaky were the slices of salmon, full and fleshy was the lobster, crimsoned with its luscious coral, as it burst upon our entranced sight in 18—, in juxtaposition with our favourite fish, both dressed to perfection by our attentive hostess, Mrs. Todd. We hold her and her culinary skill in deep affection, and long may she live to gladden the hearts (and stomachs) of our brother Piscators on their way to the Norwegian rivers! There is another hotel in the town, the “Gotha Kjellar,” but Mrs. Todd’s inimitable *cuisine* prevented our judging of its merits. In the true spirit of good fellowship, therefore, we advise all the Craft who may be choice in their feeding, to patronise the amiable Mrs. Todd, or *Toddy*, as the natives will persist in calling her. Better fare, or a more civil and obliging hostess, no Piscator need desire.

But, hark! the passengers are flocking to the place of embarkation, and the rush

of steam from the safety-valve sounds the note of preparation for departure, so we must tear ourselves away from "Toddy" and her incomparable fare.

On arriving at the mouth of the Fjord, or arm of the sea, which runs up to Christiania (it might, without any great stretch of imagination, be called a gulf), the steam-boat runs in, close under the little town of Sandefjord. The passengers do not land here, although the vessel may be detained for six or eight hours. This, however, is not a subject for regret, as there is not much to interest the traveller within the walls of this little sea-port. The steamer is under orders to wait for the boat from Christiania on her way to Bergen, to which the mail-bags from the Copenhagen steamer are transferred. The usual hour of arrival off Sandefjord is eleven at night, so that the vessel does not get fairly off for Christiania until about six in the morning. But little rest can be obtained if the steamer reaches

Sandefjord at night; for, following the example of the captain, mates, and seamen, the passengers crowd on deck in a state of feverish excitement, looking out for the Christiania steamer, adding by their presence to the confusion which prevails from one end of the vessel to the other.

If our Piscator should have wearied himself in gazing on the lights in the town of Sandefjord, we advise him to pick out a soft plank and coil himself up in his dread-nought, where, with one of Benson's hunting Havannahs, and a flagon of "cold without," he will enjoy comparative composure until the dawn: but oh, ye Gods! as the day breaks, and the sun rises above the eastern hills, what a glorious Panorama awaits him! It is impossible to conceive anything grander in nature than this diversified view; indeed, the scenery the whole of the distance between Sandefjord and Christiania is surpassingly beautiful, *and the six or seven hours occupied in the*

transit will have fled unheeded—at least we judge by our own experience—while contemplating the ever-changing and enchanting picture. This *finale* to the voyage will leave an indelible impression on the traveller's mind, or we are much mistaken.

Soon after mid-day the spires of the churches, and by degrees the more prominent of the buildings in Christiania, will appear in sight; and, as a wind up to this pleasurable voyage, the white houses of the town, backed by an amphitheatre of hills, present a *coup d'œil* which, even stripped of its novelty, cannot but excite emotions of a most enviable kind. The feeling, too, that the perils of the sea are past, and that the land of promise has been reached, add in no slight degree to the pleasing excitement which the angler, above all other of God's creatures, will experience on such an occasion.

We have heard some of our countrymen rail at the rigid formalities observed by the Custom House officials of Christiania;

but we are happy in the opportunity afforded us to state, that we never encountered the slightest difficulty or unnecessary delay in passing our baggage through the Custom House, the *employés* of which establishment are proverbially civil, and perform their duty inoffensively, and without needlessly disturbing the contents of the traveller's portmanteau. A certain form must be gone through in all countries, and this observance at Christiania—but a form after all—is obeyed as expeditiously as possible. All those who have visited Belgium, France, and Italy, will bear us out in the assertion.

We have now brought our Brother of the Rod to Christiania, and having so done, we will tell him where to take up his quarters. The Hôtel du Nord is beyond comparison the best and most comfortable house in Christiania: the charges may be a trifle higher than at others of less pretensions; but who grudges an odd shilling or *so for extra comfort and superior cooking?*

It may be set down by the traveller as an axiom, that the best hotels are in the end the cheapest. Indifferent fare and bad attendance generate bile, and when we are bilious we are, one and all, wretched animals; all enjoyment is at an end, and we fly to medicine for relief; ergo, upon principle, we recommend our friends to take their ease at their inn, where they will be comfortable.

Change of diet, bad wine, and bumping over bad roads, may derange the biliary ducts of the best of us, and it is as well to be armed with a remedy; and we will therefore give a simple *recipe* for one of the very best pills we know of in the whole range of the Pharmacopœia:

*Four grains of compound extract of colocynth,
One grain of blue pill: in each pill.*

And we recommend the wandering Waltonian to provide himself with two or three dozen of these, *pro re natâ*, as the doctors say in their prescriptions. They will be found to act very satisfactorily, without

any undue twisting or griping of the internals; removing all unpleasant symptoms, and driving the enemy out-of-doors on the shortest possible notice. In fact, they are the “*werry identical pills*” for a traveller, as the following doggerel will show:—

“ Yes ! these are the pills, and all those who take ‘em,
They bless the invention each day in the week;
For my patients declare their insides they don’t rake ‘em,
But make them feel stronger instead of quite weak.
I’ve cured Lords and Commons, oft physick’d a Bishop,
Who of yore swallowed calomel, rhubarb, and squills;
And they swear all their ailments, I, only, can fish up,
By means of these ‘*werry identical pills*.’ ”

So sang the inventor—Only try them, good reader—two at a dose, and if you do not invoke a blessing on our heads, there is no gratitude extant.

Our salmon-fisher once comfortably installed beneath the roof of the Hôtel-du Nord, let us hope that he misses none of his packages and portables : that his cases of rods are safe; that the box containing his fishing-boots, canvass overalls for boat-fishing, the Macintosh cape, his south-

wester, and all the requisite gear, have not passed into other hands. If our friend—and all anglers are friends—be addicted to, or perhaps we ought to say, solace himself with, a weed now and then, we earnestly recommend him to lay in his stock of cigars before leaving London; and we cannot do better than send him to Mr. Benson, of No. 133, Oxford Street. For variety, age, and flavor, Benson's stock cannot be surpassed. His hunting cigars, Regalias, even down to the minimum size, are of the very finest quality. We have smoked a few in our day, and can pronounce them perfect in every respect. No man has a finer or larger assortment of the choicest produce of the Havannah, and no one more justly merits the liberal patronage which he receives from the aristocracy of the Metropolis.

After having been some six or eight-and-forty hours at sea, the *voyageur* will stand in need of a little good eating and drinking, and an undisturbed night's rest before

proceeding to the Consul-General to pay his respects, as well as to make arrangements pecuniary with the Messrs. Hefty, the Coutts's of Christiania. Should he have succeeded in engaging the services of a respectable attendant in Copenhagen, a great deal of trouble, as to forthcoming arrangements, will be spared. But this, of course, will have depended on circumstances. We have now fairly landed our neophyte at Christiania, the expense of reaching which will have been somewhere about 9*l.* *Ex. gra.*—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|------------------------------------|------------|----|----|
| From London to Hamburg . . . | 4 | 0 | 0 |
| Cab from the hotel to Altona . . . | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| From Altona to Kiel by Rail . . . | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| Kiel to Copenhagen by Boat . . . | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Copenhagen to Christiania . . . | 2 | 16 | 0 |
| <hr/> | | | |
| Total | <i>£</i> 8 | 19 | 0 |

This is, of course, exclusive of living, the scale for which it is not quite so easy to give; much must depend upon the state of *the stomach* while on ship-board, and the

extent of diversion indulged in on shore. A five-pound note ought to cover every expense, including gratuities to servants. Therefore, fourteen pounds may be set down as the probable amount required to get to Christiania; but to make sure, we will, in the words of the almanack makers, insert the saving clause "more or less." We will now leave our Norwegian traveller to his repose, of which he had better take his fill, as we promise him plenty of locomotion and lots of work very shortly, the details of which will be found in the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

CHRISTIANIA—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY—PREPARATIONS FOR THE PISCATORY CAMPAIGN—PURCHASE OF CARRIOLE, HARNESS AND BOTTLE-CASE—FLIES FOR THE DRAMMEN AND THE LOUGEN—HORSES OF THE COUNTRY—FORBUD—PROVISIONS FOR THE JOURNEY, AND WHERE TO PURCHASE THEM—SPORT ON THE DRAMMEN AND LOUGEN RIVERS—RETURN TO CHRISTIANIA.

IF the city of Christiania be not worthy of especial notice on the score of gaiety, or the animated bustle of its capacious but ill-paved streets, the site on which it stands must be acknowledged as unrivalled. The surrounding scenery, when viewed from any one of the eminences in the neighbourhood, is both varied and strikingly beautiful. The different *branches* of the magnificent Fjord, dotted

with almost countless islets, the neat white dwellings fringing its shores, and the vast amphitheatre of wood, hill, and dale, relieved by the handsome villas of the wealthy merchants and those high in office, present a combination of effect that the eye loves to dwell upon. The public buildings in Christiania cannot boast of much architectural beauty: the Museum, the University, the Storthing (or Parliament House), and even the churches, are far from presenting an imposing appearance. The newly-erected Royal Palace may be ranked as the very humblest of regal residences; in fact, it is hardly superior in appearance, or design, to a good-sized barrack. The Theatre, and Freemasons' Hall, are of a somewhat superior order. The houses of the inhabitants are for the most part constructed of wood, and are fancifully painted, green, blue, and yellow being the prevailing colors. These rainbow-tinted dwellings present a startling appearance

to the stranger at first, and it takes some time to reconcile the eye to these baby-houses on a large scale. The Museum contains some costly ancient relics; these curious golden ornaments will well repay inspection; they were accidentally discovered, about twenty years ago, by some labourers who were digging up peat moss, not many miles from the city. It is conjectured that these must have been concealed at the period when Christianity was first introduced into Norway.

The University can boast of a very tolerable collection of volumes, as well as of natural history.

The Picture Gallery in the Storthing House is not yet completed. Of the Theatre we cannot speak, as it never opens until September, and closes in March. The Norwegians, however, are passionately fond of theatricals, and are much given to operatic performances. They one and all *take delight* in music. The peasantseven, in

the remotest districts, have a very tolerable idea of harmony; the ear is correct, and the provincial damsels warble their simple native airs with great sweetness. The ancient ballads of the country are plaintive and melancholy, but far from unpleasing, even to those ears accustomed to the florid and ornamental *roulades* of Rossini.

Some two or three days must of necessity be devoted to rest after the fatigue consequent on the voyage, as well as to making preparations for an onslaught upon the salmon. The first question the tyro will ask on his arrival is, "Which is the nearest salmon river?" He will be told the Drammen. "What is the distance?" will be the next inquiry: we answer—about thirty miles. If our Brother of the Rod, therefore, be as impatient as we ourselves were, on our first trip, he will resolve upon trying his skill on this water, 'ere he departs for Trondhjem, to fish the Guul, the Nid, and, subsequently, the Namsen. The Londoner will find no difficulty in making known

his wants in Christiania, for English is universally spoken, and our countrymen stand high in the estimation of all classes, both in town and country.

The inhabitants of Christiania are proverbial for their hospitality ; the stranger who may be the bearer of one or more letters of introduction, will be most cordially welcomed, and with a courtesy and cordiality extremely flattering.

The neophyte's first care must be to unpack his traps, and select such articles, only, as he will require for his immediate use. These can be carried in a portable *valise* in his Carriole ; the rest of his luggage must be forwarded by the baggage-cart, in charge of the "Forbud." Let him also look to his fishing-boots, both long and short, and, if they require it, he can have them anointed. There are numberless *recipes* for dressing boots. We have tried many, but the following is decidedly the best we know of. The mixture will render the leather impervious to wet, and

as pliable as one of Mr. Ludlam's kid gloves:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| Of twice-boiled linseed oil | 1 pint. |
| Bees' wax | 2 oz. |
| Burgundy pitch | 1 oz. |
| Spirits of turpentine | 2 oz. |

Melt, by degrees, in an earthen pipkin, over a slow fire. When the ingredients are thoroughly incorporated, let the mixture stand to cool, after which it can be transferred into a covered can. One of Mr. Tucker's (he of the Strand) tin vessels, in which he supplies his numerous customers with Devonshire cream, will be found to answer the purpose admirably.

A pair, if not two, of Mr. Rolls's fishing-boots, and two or three pairs of shooting-boots made to lace in front, will suffice for the campaign.

While travelling, there is nothing like a cloth boot which buttons. The feet and ankles are prone to swell, if the owner of them has to endure the misery of sitting for many hours in one position. Nothing

is so painful as pressure on the instep, and by unbuttoning the boots, or even kicking them off, great relief will be experienced. For so short a trip as a drive to the Drammen, the following caution need not be observed; but, in starting from Christiania for the Guul, the Nid, or the Namsen, the leatheren cases, containing the salmon-rods, must be carefully swaddled in matting and properly secured by stout cording. These can then be confidently entrusted to the care of the Forbud, who precedes the traveller in the baggage-cart, and whose province it is to secure horses at each post-house, in order that they may be ready on his arrival.

It must be confessed that these *avant-couriers* do not handle the luggage entrusted to their charge over gently, neither does the jolting in their rude vehicles improve the appearance of the portmanteaus; and it may be taken for granted that the baggage must rough it, as well as the owner, *while en route*.

As it will occasionally be found that some temptation may beset the traveller, in the way of fishing, at one or two of the stations on his road, it may be advisable to select a double-handed trout-rod from the stock, which, being encased in stout leather, can be appended to the shaft of the Carriole, and as it is immediately under the eye, there is but little risk of damage.

A preliminary trip to the Drammen being determined upon, the first in the list of necessary purchases is the Carriole, harness, and that indispensable adjunct the bottle-case. The cost of a thoroughly good and well-finished Carriole, with harness and bottle-case complete, will be from eight to nine pounds. Mr. Knudzon is the man to go to, and his workmanship can be relied on. These said Carrioles are the most extraordinary specimens of vehicular construction ever put together by man, and to the Englishman, whose eye is familiarised with the taste and work-

manship which distinguish the Stanhopes, Tilburies, Dennetts, and dog-carts of his own country, the Norwegian carriage, of universal adoption, appears the most rude, primitive, and rickety machine that ever ran upon two wheels. The absence of anything in the shape of a spring creates an impression far from favourable in the mind of the purchaser, but he will be assured by the aforesaid Mr. Knudzon, that the extreme length and pliability of the shafts will remedy this apparent defect, and remove all cause for apprehension—and such is the fact. The motion of the carriage is far from disagreeable; in fact, these said shafts do duty for springs most effectually, and the Carriole runs easily and smoothly over the execrable roads; and experience has convinced us that no other carriage, with its springs and appliances to boot, could stand the wear and tear of a journey through Norway; iron, steel, and leather, would be split, shivered, and severed to *atoms on the rocky and uneven surfaces*

'ere a week had elapsed. The Carriole, in short, may be pronounced, in spite of its antediluvian exterior, a most comfortable conveyance; and, moreover, the only one adapted to the country.

If encumbered with many packages, and if the traveller have any affection for his portmanteaus and carpet-bags, he will invest a small amount of capital, say, from two to three pounds, in the purchase of a cart for his luggage; the money will be judiciously expended, for the Forbuds and Bonders, (the farmers at the post-houses) when transferring the baggage confided to their care from one cart to another, are utterly regardless of the value of property, pitching the several articles down on the road, and from thence into the cart, like a heap of paving stones. The determined and enthusiastic angler, one who is bent on mischief—the *Piscator ferox*, as the salmon would term him—who goes to work in a business-like manner, and extends his trip to the Namsen, will look to the Com-

missariat department, and engage a separate cart for the conveyance of his provender. This well-stored vehicle can accompany the baggage-cart. A cask of ale, a quarter-cask of sherry, an anker of brandy, some hams, a keg of biscuits, (for the rye-cakes of the country are absolutely uneatable,) a side or two of bacon, and a Cheshire cheese, can all be stowed away in this cart, and will add much to the traveller's comfort. There will not be any occasion for so large a supply on leaving Christiania for Trondhjem ; but at this latter town all these creature comforts can be procured, and should be forwarded to the Namsen. Before bargaining for the Carriole, or, indeed, making any purchases in Christiania, our countrymen must pay a visit to the Messrs. Hefty, the bankers. These obliging gentlemen will change his notes and gold for the current coin of the country, and undertake to supply him with any further sums he may require on the *letters of credit*, or circular notes, with

which he may be provided, being deposited with the Firm.

The Norwegian money is thus distinguished:

The specie dollar—equal to about 4s. 7d. English.

The half-dollar—in silver and in paper.

The mark, or Ort—equal in value to about $10\frac{1}{2}d.$

English—in silver and in paper.

Twelve-skilling pieces—in silver only.

Eight-skilling pieces—in silver only.

Four-skilling pieces—in silver only.

Two-skilling pieces—in silver and copper also.

One-skilling and half pieces—in copper only.

This small money is called *skillemynt*.

There are bank-notes for larger sums, on different colored papers, to distinguish their relative value. The five-dollar note is blue—the ten, yellow—and those for fifty, on green paper. These gaudy "*flim-sies*" are all very well, and exceedingly useful in such towns as Christiania and Trondhjem, but are little better than so much waste-paper while on the road, or, indeed, at any of the remote stations; change is as rare in the Norwegian provinces, as in the desolate region of the North Pole.

The expense of posting *en Carriole*, and a single horse, is about twenty-four skillings per Norse mile ; that is, seven English. To this sum of twenty-four skillings must be added four skillings and a half to the Forbud, for each stage, and four skillings more to the Postmaster, who furnishes the horses ; so that the posting costs at the rate of thirteen-pence-halfpenny for every seven miles, rather less than our friend Mr. Newman would charge for one of his blue-jackets and a pair down to Richmond ; albeit we found our own *Carriole*.

The Norwegian Carriole is an unsociable carriage, it must be confessed, for there is but room for one moderately-sized individual in this shell upon poles (*vide* title-page), although there is a sort of perch in the shape of a board placed behind the body of the concern, on which the urchin sits whose duty it is to take charge of the horse, and return with it to the post-house from which it was driven. We have *said* that these carriages are admirably

adapted to the country, and the native horses are no less so. These hardy little animals are wonderfully sure-footed and very high-couraged. We never knew an instance of jibbing; they are one and all good-collared galloways; up hill or down; rough roads or smooth, heavy or light, they get through their work without any apparent exertion or difficulty. We hope that those of the gentle craft, who may make up their minds to travel this road, know how to drive, and can handle the ribbons as well as a salmon-line, and use their whip with as much dexterity and effect as they can wield a fly-rod—for neither coachman or postilion will he find. He must be his own charioteer, and we would advise him to be armed with one of Swaine's best hunting-whips, as an accelerator of pace. There is nothing like a "short tommy," judiciously applied, as an *argumentum ad equum* in case of need. Considering the atrocious state of the roads, these rough-and-ready quadrupeds get over

the ground expeditiously enough ; the pace may be said to average five miles an hour, which, the hills, rocks, stones, sand, holes, and ruts, being taken into consideration, is more than could be expected. We have said that these little galloways are not addicted to jibbing ; it may however happen —and we have experienced the infliction—that the Postmaster, who is sure to be a farmer as well, may palm off a young, unbroken colt upon the traveller, if his stable runs short, or he requires his horses for farm purposes. The author of “Two Summers in Norway” has graphically described an adventure which befel him on one occasion, and which had all but terminated fatally. We have no great fancy for the office of horse-breaker, and we would recommend the traveller to look to his cattle at each station before starting ; for a two-year-old, unaccustomed to the rattle of wheels, (and Norwegian wheels *do* rattle, and no mistake,) will sometimes *differ with* his driver as to the propriety

of progressing at all, or prefer going across country to keeping the main road.

All monetary arrangements having been satisfactorily concluded with the Messrs. Hefty, and the Carriole purchased, the impatient angler will prepare for a visit to the Drammen and the Lougen. If it be early in the season, and a week, or even a fortnight, can be spared, a portmanteau and the rods, as well as other necessaries, can be forwarded by the Forbud, or *avant-courier*, in the baggage-cart. As there is an excellent hotel—two indeed—the *Hotel d'Angleterre* and the *Hotel de Scandinavie*, at Drammen, there will not be any occasion to lay in a stock of provisions for this trip. The distance is about four Norwegian, or thirty English miles from Christiania, therefore, beyond a few bottles of good sherry and some choice cognac, nothing need be taken. As there are not any public conveyances in Norway, the services of the Forbud are required, and he must be furnished, as the *avant-courier*

with printed Notices or Forms, which he delivers to the Postmaster at each station, in order that the horse or horses, according to the number required, may be ready on arrival. These forms can be purchased in Christiania or Trondhjem at any booksellers or printers. They are sold at about two-pence a sheet, and there are eight in each. The forms obtained, the traveller fills them up, inserting, in each, the number of horses, with or without harness, and carts he will want, naming the intermediate stations he will stop at.

The following copy of a Norwegian horse-ticket will convey a better idea to the reader than any description we can give. The day before starting, the Waltonian will deliver to his Forbud the form duly filled up. There are four "Stations" between Christiania and Drammen, so that the same number will be required. If a servant accompanies him, an extra Carriole must be hired. We give one blank form, *and one filled up for the town of Drammen.*

BLANK FORM.

ODRER FOR HORSES.

At the Station are hereby
ordered horses without harness,
and horses with harness and cart.
To be ready on day the
of May, 1848, at o'Clock, A. M.

CHRISTIANIA,
May 14, 1848.

FORM FILLED UP.

ORDER FOR HORSES.

At the Station, "Stabeck," are hereby
ordered one horse without harness,
and two horses with harness and cart.
To be ready on Monday, the 15th
of May, 1848, at 7 o'Clock, A.M.

CHRISTIANIA,
May 14, 1848.

(Signature.)

We have assumed, in the foregoing Form, that our Brother of the Craft will send on his baggage-cart, and that his servant will follow him in a hired Carriole. The first station or post-house, as will be seen, is *Stabeck*, distant from Christiania three-quarters of a Norwegian mile, or six, or six-and-a-half English miles. If the For-bud, who has been dispatched the preceding day, has abstained from partaking too freely of that fiery, alcoholic, compound known by the name of "Finkel" (a piece of self-denial, by the way, seldom practised by these functionaries), our salmon-fisher will find his horses ready at *Asker*, the next station, one-and-a-quarter Norwegian, or eight English miles from *Stabeck*. The stage from *Asker* to *Gjellebeck* is an easy one—only seven-eighths of a Norwegian mile, or six English miles. The next, and last, from *Gjellebeck* to *Drammen* is rather longer, being one-eighth Norwegian, or somewhat over eight English miles.

If our Piscator be an early riser—and all

true fishermen should be—he will have left Christiania at six in the morning, and, giving him half-an-hour to swallow some capital coffee, with undeniable cream, and some eggs, (we will say nothing of bread, which, if he be wise, he will take with him,) he will find himself comfortably housed at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, at Drammen, between twelve and one o'clock—(*equo volente*) and the “short tommy” having been duly administered. The landlord of the *Hotel d'Angleterre* is a most civil and obliging person, and is moreover a very tolerable linguist. He speaks French and English fluently, and will afford every information as to the river, the best method of reaching the several fishing stations, and do all in his power to assist the English visitor in furthering his wishes.

Drammen is a flourishing and prosperous little town. It carries on a very extensive trade in timber. Trade is brisk; the merchants and tradespeople are enterprising and industrious; all is bustle and

activity for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, and if we can spy into futurity, Drammen will, one of these days, rank high amongst the commercial towns of Norway.

We have now brought our Piscator to one of the Norwegian rivers; although at Drammen he is still a few miles from his fishing-ground, and before he takes his maiden cast in a Norse stream, we will take upon ourselves to describe to him the flies best suited to the water he is about to visit. The following specimens are neither so large nor so bright in color as those in the illustrations which will be found towards the end of this volume. The eighteen here described are of a soberer hue, but will be found both captivating and killing, not only on the Drammen and Lougen, but on the Namsen, the Guul, the Nid, and every river in Norway and Sweden, when the waters are *fine* and *low*.

The salmon-fisher does not require to be *told that he must adapt his fly to the state*

of the water. Practice and observation alone enable the follower of the gentle art to command success, and it is only by watching results, and noting them in his mind, as well as exercising his judgment according to circumstances, that he can hope to arrive at perfection in his vocation and be ranked as a first-class proficient. Should the waters of the Drammen and the Lougen be full and cloudy, these flies, *tied on large hooks*, must be used, or even the more gaudy ones, as pointed out for the Namsen (*vide Illustrations*) can be substituted. They are one and all good killers, for they have been tried and tested by the most scientific anglers in this or any other kingdom, and both large and small, gaudy and dark, have dealt death and destruction amongst the Norwegian salmon.

It may be observed that the six first flies in the following list, and which are accurately described, are especial favorites with the father of the Norway fishermen—that justly popular Brother of the Rod,

Sir Hyde Parker—who has used them, with slaughtering effect, on every stream of note in the country.

N. B. The hooks on which Mr. Jones invariably ties his salmon-flies are made by Phillips of Dublin, and we have his authority for stating that he conceives them to be the best for wear and tear of any that are manufactured. The reader will therefore be good enough to bear in mind that the numerical as well as alphabetical distinctions (these latter for lake and trout-flies, which will hereafter be described) are those authorised by the maker himself.

No. 1.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Red mohair.

Body—Red pig's wool.

Ribbed—Flat gold tinsel.

Legs—Two plain red hackles.

Wing—Copper-colored mallard (*divided*).

No. 2.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Red mohair.

Body—Orange pig's wool.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Two red hackles, with black up the centre.

Wing—Copper-colored mallard (*divided*).

No. 3.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tail—Golden pheasant's Topping.

Tip—Crimson mohair and gold twist.

Body—Black pig's wool.

Ribbed—Flat silver tinsel.

Legs—Two black hackles.

Wing—Copper-colored mallard (*divided*).

No. 4.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Crimson mohair.

Body—One half red mohair, the other half black pig's wool.

Ribbed—Lower half, gold twist, upper half, flat silver tinsel.

Legs—Two hackles from the black Heron.

Wing—Copper-colored mallard (*divided*).

No. 5.

Hook—8.

Tag—Orange mohair.

Body—One half, orange pig's wool, the other half,
brown pig's wool.

Ribbed—Gold twist all the way up.

Legs—Two plain red hackles.

Wing—From the red-tailed Kite.

(N.B.—This is a wonderfully good fly.)

No. 6.

Hook—6, 7, or 8.

Tag—Red mohair.

Body—Black pig's wool.

Ribbed—*Broad* and flat silver tinsel.

Legs—Two black hackles.

Wing—Dark-mottled feather from the tail of the
Argus pheasant. Guinea-hen round the throat.

Head—Black.

N.B.—This fly is an excellent one when the water is
low, and has been christened “The Curate.”

No. 7.

Hook—6 or 7.

Tag—Scarlet mohair.

Body—Orange pig's wool.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Two black hackles.

Wing—Two whole feathers (*reversed*) from the grey
Mallard.

No. 8.

Hook—5 or 6.

Tag—Orange mohair.

Body—Claret pig's wool.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Two claret hackles.

Wing—Two large copper-colored mallard feathers
(reversed).

N.B.—These two flies (7 and 8) were first used in Norway by Mr. Dann, a celebrated angler. Should the water be low, hook 7, 8, or 9, can be substituted.

No. 9.

Hook—7 or 8.

Tag—Orange mohair.

Body—Claret pig's wool, *well picked out*.

Ribbed—Broad flat gold tinsel.

Legs—One deep claret hackle.

Throat—The mottled feather of the Capercaillie.

Wing—from the East Indian bustard (*divided*).

No. 10.

Hook—7 or 8.

Tag—Orange mohair.

Body—Black pig's wool.

Ribbed—Broad flat silver tinsel.

Legs—Two black hackles.

Wing—From the wing of an old Peacock, or a light
Argus pheasant.

No. 11.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Scarlet mohair.

Tip—Yellow silk, and gold twist.

Body—Black pig's wool.

Ribbed—Broad, flat, silver tinsel.

Legs—One black Hackle.

Throat—A small feather from the orange Macaw.

Wing—Black Turkey with a white tip, or from the under feather of the Snipe's wing.

No. 12.

Hook—9, or B. B.

Tail—Golden pheasant.

Tip—Gold twist.

Body—The lower half orange mohair, the upper half black mohair.

Ribbed—The lower half gold twist, the upper half, silver tinsel.

Legs—Half red, and half black hackles.

Wing—Copper-colored mallard and Bustard (*mixed*).

N.B.—This is a first-rate fly when the water is very low, and is known by the name of "The Bee."

No. 13.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Scarlet mohair.

Body—Black mohair.

Ribbed—Gold or silver twist.

Legs—One Scotch hackle.

Wing—The light-colored mottled feather from a tame Drake's back.

No. 14.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tag—Yellow mohair.

Tip—Gold twist.

Body—Orange mohair, pale blue mohair, and claret
pig's wool at the shoulder.

Ribbed—Silver twist.

Legs—Black hackle.

Wing—White, and black, mottled turkey feather
(divided).

No. 15.

Hook—9.

Tail—Golden pheasant.

Tip—Orange silk, and black ostrich.

Body—Bright crimson silk.

Ribbed—Flat silver tinsel.

Legs—Blood-red hackle.

Wing—Two feathers from the breast of the Toucan,
two from the black-headed pheasant's breast,
and two golden toppings.

Horns—Blue macaw.

Head—Black ostrich.

N.B.—This fly has been described by a visitant as a
“mortal good'un” on the Namsen, when the water is
low. In fact, it has been “im-MORTELL-ised” by the
experimentalist himself.

No. 16.

Hook—8 or 9.
Tail—Golden Topping.
Tip—Gold twist.
Body—Yellow silk.
Ribbed—Flat gold tinsel.
Legs—Dyed yellow hackle.
Throat—Yellow macaw.
Wing—Four golden toppings.
Head—Yellow.

N.B.—This fly is known as “The Parson,” but we should call it “The Canary.”

No. 17.

Hook—8 or 9.
Tail—Topping from the Indian black-headed Pheasant.
Tip—Gold twist, yellow silk, and black ostrich.
Body—Two turns of orange silk; and black silk upwards.
Ribbed—Flat silver tinsel and gold twist.
Legs—One black hackle.
Throat—Green parrot and grouse.
Wing—(*mixed*)—Gold and silver Pheasant’s tail, tippets, red macaw, green parrot, teal, guineahen, copper mallard, a strand or two of peacock’s wing, and two blue king-fisher’s feathers at the shoulder.
Head—Black.
N.B.—This is a famous low-water fly, and is called “*The Pride of Aberdeen.*”

No. 18.

Hook—8 or 9.

Tail—Golden Topping.

Tip—Gold twist, light blue silk, and black ostrich.

Body—Two turns of puce-colored silk ; orange silk upwards.

Ribbed—Broad gold tinsel.

Legs—Guinea-hen half way.

Throat—Jay hackle.

Wing—The same as preceding fly (No. 17).

Head—Black.

These are the flies, *par excellence*, and the Salmon-fisher proceeding to Norway may take our word for it, that they will be found the “*killingest specimens as is*,” in every river from one end of the country to the other.

As the novice will be anxious to try his skill on the Drammen, we will tell him how to proceed.

Like all well-trained disciples of the rod, he will proceed to the highest pool or stand on the river. This is at Hongsund, about ten miles from the town of Drammen, and the fishing commences in the pool

immediately below the Foss, or fall, which forms an insurmountable barrier for the salmon. They can proceed no higher up the river; but there are still left fifteen miles of water from the fall towards the sea, or Fjord. By starting very early in the morning, the Angler will have time to breakfast at the station before he commences operations. The fish do not run very large in the Drammen—their average weight being about fifteen pounds—although they have been taken in nets, and on one or two occasions with the fly, as heavy as thirty. In recommending a trial of the Drammen, we by no means wish it to be understood as one of the best rivers in Norway, but its contiguity to Christiania, and the facility afforded to the Johnny Newcome to wet his line for the first time in a Norse stream, render it a desirable spot for a *coup d'essai*. On the first occasion of our visiting Norway we tried it, and had very good sport. There are plenty of salmon in the river, and by pre-

senting a trifling *douceur* to those of the Inhabitants whose land adjoins the water, and above all, *sharing the fish* with them (for this is the grand secret and the magical key which opens their hearts), every facility will be afforded to the Angler in the prosecution of his sport. The stranger having killed a dozen or so of fish will return to Drammen, and having recounted his adventures to the obsequious landlord of his hotel, will rest himself for a day, and make preparations for a second crusade on the banks of the Longen. The Forbud must be despatched the day before in a baggage-cart, with the rods, portmanteau, a small keg of biscuits, a boiled ham, and a tongue, some bacon, and a few bottles of wine and brandy. If these creature-comforts be not attended to, the traveller will fare but badly. The printed forms must be filled up and delivered to the Forbud, who will precede the fisherman some four-and-twenty hours, in order that no delay may occur on the road.

The distance from Drammen to Laurvig—a neat little fishing town at the mouth of the Lougen (it is, in fact, situated on the Fjord, or arm of the sea) is about sixty miles, and our countryman will have to change his horse seven times, and at the following stations:—

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Drammen | to Ostre . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Ostre | „ Revaar . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Revaar | „ Holmestrand . „ (a good inn.) . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Holmestrand | „ Söllerod. . . | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 9 |
| Söllerod | „ Fyldpaa . . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Fyldpaa | „ Sorbye . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Sorbye | „ Haukerod . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Haukerod | „ Laurvig . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Total English Miles . . . | | | 60 |

The accommodations at the inn, or hotel at Laurvig, are very good indeed, the beds clean and comfortable. The store of eatables need not be encroached upon here, but they will be required at the several stations up the river. The Lougen runs through the territory of the Countess

Wedel Jarlsberg, who can easily be *wheedled* into giving permission for a stranger to fish on her property. This amiable lady is the widow of the late Viceroy, whose uniform kindness and undeviating hospitality to those of our countrymen who had the honour of being introduced to him, will never be forgotten. Permission once obtained from her ladyship, and an amicable arrangement having been entered into with the owners or renters of the several slips of land bordering on the river, the Waltonian may indulge himself to the top of his bent, and the bent or bend of his rod. A very trifling sum to the poorer tenants will secure uninterrupted fishing for the whole extent of water, which may be computed at not less than *forty miles!!!* A very pretty range it must be admitted.

Lord Rodney, Sir Hyde Parker, Sir Walter Carew, Captain Pipon, and other good men and true, have done wonders in this water; and we might add, if the

Piscatorial Professor would permit us, that a certain *maître de danse*, who is well known within a hundred miles of Liverpool, has made the salmon cut some extraordinary capers in the Lougen. If report speak truly, one of his pupils (salmon we mean) weighed forty-nine pounds. We wonder whether his line was made of fiddle-strings? We hope, however, as regards the weight of his capture, that he did not draw the *long bow*. At all events, such a fish must have filled his *kit*.* The fishing commences (for the

* Since writing the above, we have accidentally learnt that this said dancing-master is in the habit of prowling about the Lougen for the purpose of picking up Novices, and recommending flies either made for, or by, himself.

To carry out this laudable object, he cries down the rods, reels, and lines, as well as flies of the Stranger, which, although turned out of hand by makers of undoubted respectability, experience, and acknowledged reputation, he pronounces as worthless.

To prove this assertive he resorts to the following expedient, and it is not a bad "dodge" in furtherance of his scheme.

Knowing from long practice every pool, corner, and cove in the river, and being a very valuable fisherman,

angler must go upwards) exactly seven miles from Laurvig, and he will do well to proceed, from station to station, in his Carriole, and not forget the Commissariat

to boot, he can tell to a hair's breadth where to throw his fly and take a fish at any given spot. The Stranger, from his ignorance of these localities, may thrash the river from morning till night without even commanding a rise. The man of capers, obtruding himself upon the disappointed angler, inquires what sport he has had? Upon being informed of the ill success, he asks to look at the fly, when, with a shrug of the shoulders, and a significant grin, this piscatorial professor of polkas remarks, "No wonder, sir, you cannot catch any fish; you have not got the right fly! Come with me, and I will show you." He then leads his unsuspecting Dupe to the spot where he knows a salmon is lying, casts his fly over the fish, up comes a fifteen-pounder, which is hooked and killed, to the delight and astonishment of the Spectator. We admire the ingenuity, although we cannot say much as to the honesty, of the proceeding. The result may easily be guessed. The dancing-master SPARES, *as a great favor*, a few of his own flies to the Johnny Newcome, who discards the specimens he has brought with him from London, while he denounces the maker of them as an impostor. And so ends this disgraceful farce. Gentle reader! avoid this crafty professor of *entrechats* as you would Alexandria when the plague is raging there.

cart. And here will begin the “roughing” part of the business, a kind of initiatory process, that will reconcile the enthusiast to the privations he will have to endure on his way northwards. The beds—if such they can be called—are tolerable at some of the stations, and execrable in others. Fresh meat and poultry are not to be had; but with fine salmon, ham, tongue, eggs and bacon, washed down with two or three glasses of good sherry, and a jorum or two of “cold without,” we think the Amateur may be content. Although we have decried the too prevalent system of carrying a superabundance of luggage, we think that a small canteen that will hold crockery, cutlery, and plates for two, an indispensable adjunct to the Traveller’s comfort. Only go to Norway, good Piscator, and post it to Trondhjem, and you will know what we mean. Just ask for a knife, fork and spoon, at a post-house, and see what you will get as substitutes. Phaugh! the very recollection sickens us.

The fish in the Lougen run larger, and are more abundant than in the Drammen. This can only be accounted for, we presume, by the elder ones having ascertained, by experience, that the passage upwards is barred against them within a short distance from the sea in the latter river. Be this as it may, the sport in the Lougen is immeasurably superior, and many glorious days have we passed on its banks.

We cannot spare our Piscator more than a week here, notwithstanding the attractions. He came (or will go) to Norway with the avowed determination of visiting the Guul, the Nid, and the Namsen. Thither must he proceed.

Adieu, then, thou fast flowing and seductive Lougen! Attend, good Forbud. Hand us thy forms, that we may fill them up. To Drammen forthwith, and thence to Christiania with all speed.

The mandate is obeyed; the Forbud departs; we employ the last evening on the Lougen as an enthusiastic Angler

should. Our disciple kills three, if not four, salmon ; sleeps soundly on the softest material furnished him ; awakes refreshed, and returns with a light heart and joyful countenance, anticipating still greater sport as he advances Northwards. He will not be disappointed. He shakes the jolly host of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, at Drammen, by the hand—jumps into his Carriole, and, *hi presto !* he is once again at Christiania, where we will leave him at the Hôtel du Nord, and send him to sleep until we awake him to furnish food for the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE BEFORE LEAVING CHRISTIANIA
FOR THE NORTH—THE ROUTE TO BERGEN DESCRIBED—
THE “EIDSVOLD” AND “VORMEN” RIVERS—THE
MJOSEN LAKE—TROUT-FISHING—THE LOSNE WATER AND
LESÖE WATER—THE ROMSDAL RIVER—RETURN TO LIE
—ROUTE TO THE SUMDAL AND SURRENDAL RIVERS
FROM ÖVNE AND SUNDSETH—RETURN TO THE LATTER
PLACE—THE GUUL AND NID RIVERS—TRONDHJEM.

THE sport our countrymen will have met with on the Drammen and the Longen, will, doubtless, have acted as a powerful incentive to further and more extensive operations in the more celebrated streams; and if, like ourselves, he be an enthusiastic lover of the gentle art, he will waste but little time in Christiania, and proceed forthwith to prepare for his migration Northwards.

He will, in the first place, like a prudent Piscator, ascertain, before undertaking this long journey, what portions of the river he is about to visit have been let; for he must not run away with the idea that, being in Norway, he has a world (of rivers) “there before him where to choose.” We deem it a duty to undeceive the whole brotherhood of Anglers upon this point. It is no secret, that some chosen few of the Professors of the craft have, for some years past, visited very nearly all the celebrated rivers of Norway, and that they have not allowed a season to pass, since their first voyage of discovery, without returning to the scenes of their piscatorial exploits. For the first three or four years they had all the fun to themselves. But there is an old adage which, happily in this instance, has been verified, “Murder will out;” and whether the victim be man, mermaid, or fish, the rumour, by *hook* or by *crook*, *will* get abroad. The number of *Salmon* slaughtered by these desperate

disciples of Walton became known ; the execution done by these sly and silent monopolisers was no longer a secret ; the fame of the Norwegian rivers became a subject of notoriety ; the angling world was in a state of commotion, and many who possessed the means, and some few, unaware of the expense attendant on the trip, flocked to the shores of the Baltic, and besieged the peaceful city of Christiania. Almost every one of the latter class of visitors returned disappointed, and because they could not command the advantages of their more wealthy *compatriotes*, abused the country and slandered the natives. The charge of dishonesty and incivility is as unjust as it is unmerited. The Norwegians are proverbially honest ; the vice of thieving is unknown in the country ; and we can undertake to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that the inhabitants, from one end of Norway to the other, are uniformly civil and obliging ; and we suspect—indeed we are

certain—that from ignorance of the language, and John Bull's besetting sin of looking down upon Foreigners as his inferiors, and treating them with contempt and brutality, these grumblers have themselves to thank for any outward show of disrespect which has ever been manifested towards an Englishman. There is no rule, however, without an exception, for all those who have had the good taste and good feeling to treat with courtesy and urbanity the natives of the country they visit, and which contributes so bountifully to their amusement, will bear us out in the assertion, that not a single instance of peculation ever came under their notice, and that they have ever found the Norwegians ready to anticipate their wants. It surely is somewhat unreasonable to look for the polish and refinement of a drawing-room in the wild regions of Norway, where the minds and manners of the peasantry are as uncultivated as the rocky fastnesses *they live amongst*; but, for kindness of

feeling and natural benevolence, the Norsemen are not surpassed by the most refined nation in the globe. It is true that they are by nature curious and inquisitive, and if, in the indulgence of this very pardonable propensity, they transgress the bounds of good breeding and the etiquette observed in civilised society, they ought not to be stigmatised as being systematically uncivil. The stranger in an unfrequented hamlet, as a matter of course, becomes an object of curiosity to the ignorant, unsophisticated villagers; and if they do—as they most assuredly will—take a sly peep at him while at his meals, and even go so far as to watch the operations of his toilette (for locks, bolts and bars, are unknown in the provinces), the intruders, who are harmless and inoffensive in intention, should not be set down as being guilty of incivility. A kinder-hearted race than the Norwegians do not exist, and we do most earnestly and emphatically protest against the sense-

less and unmerited attack on their national character.

Fishing and shooting generally go hand in hand together ; indeed, we scarcely know one of the Craft who is not a Sportsman, *dans toute la force du terme*. We will therefore take it for granted that our Piscator carries his gun with him ; and let him also provide himself with a goodly store of Curtis and Harvey's powder, Eley's cartridges, caps and wadding ; for he may, perchance, *en route* to the Namsen, meet with a few Capercaillie, and stumble upon a herd of Rein-deer. The Stations near which the gun is likely to be called in requisition will be pointed out.

The *future* aspirant to Norwegian fame as a salmon-fisher, must regulate his route to the rivers according to the intelligence he will receive at Christiania. For instance, he *may* learn on his arrival in the capital, that, much to his discomfiture, the whole of the Namsen water from Vie (where the *angling* commences), up to Fiskum Foss,

has been engaged. But this is only conjecture. It has nevertheless happened, that the Renters of the several stands and stations of a previous year, have engaged the same portions of river for the succeeding one. If, before leaving Christiania, the Traveller should have learnt from an authentic source, that *every* station on the Namsen has been pre-engaged by some of the former occupants, the best thing he can do will be to proceed to the Romsdal river, taking the "Nid" and the "Guul" on his way homewards. We have said that it will be well to make inquiries at Christiania as to the exact number of lessees on the Namsen, and we will give the reason.

If, on arriving at Trondhjem, the Salmon-fisher should learn to his dismay that all hope of wetting a line on the Namsen must be abandoned, he will, in addition to the mortification and severe disappointment, be somewhat in "a fix," as our Transatlantic friends say, for he will only

have the “Nid” and the “Guul” to fall back upon.

It is true he can cut across, *par mer et par terre*, to the Romsdal river, but the *route* from Trondhjem is an extremely difficult one, excessively tedious and disagreeable, and not unattended by danger, as we shall, in the succeeding chapter, have occasion to show.

There is no certainty, however, at any time, of the *whole* of the fishable portion of the Namsen, from “Vie” up to Fiskum, being engaged, but we repeat that it is *possible*. We have reason to know that the upper portion, from Fiskum Foss to a stand below the Boat Pool (about two miles of water), has been rented for some seasons past, and will continue to be so for many more to come, by a celebrated Angler, the Prince of salmon-fishers.

The two portions immediately below this part of the river are engaged, if not rented, by a brace of sexagenarian Anglers, *who repair to the Namsen every year, and,*

like crafty craftsmen (small blame to them), they give out, when at home, that the fishing in Scotland is very superior to any to be met with in Norway, and that as to the Namsen, *it is not worth visiting!!!*

The artful Dodgers! they think, by decrying their favorite stream, to drive away strangers. Why do they incur the risk, the trouble, and expense, of repairing to this queen of salmon rivers, year after year, if no sport is to be had? And let us ask what inducement they can have for undertaking a journey of some sixteen hundred miles—which it assuredly is from their club to the Namsen—unless it be to kill lots of salmon during the three months they reside on its banks. We quarrel not with them for monopolising the water, but we do protest against their abuse of the Namsen; it savours of ingratitude, to say the least of it, for they know, as well as we do, that they kill hundreds of salmon there every summer.

“Fossland” and “Gartland” then we

must give up as hopeless ; but there is an intermediate piece of water, about three miles in length, down to Vie, which is claimed by a solitary fisherman, and who has usurped to himself the right of fishing therein for some years past, allowing only a *Rock* to be seen in or on his preserve. This latter tenant, and the two antiquated Waltonians, before alluded to, are so excessively jealous of their fishing ground, that they will not allow any one to wet a line on either of their lots ; and it is a well-known fact, that the son of a Peer, accompanied by two or three friends, during an excursion to Norway, found their way to the Namsen, not many years since, and upon requesting permission of this exclusive triumvirate for one day's fishing, *were refused !* All this is very selfish, and displays both bad taste and bad feeling, and at variance with the liberal spirit that one Sportsman should evince towards another, especially to a fellow-countryman in a foreign land.

We have the honor of being on terms of the strictest intimacy with that ubiquitous imp known by the *sobriquet* of "Miles's Boy." He is our pocket *diable boiteux*, and, as a matter of course, we are in his confidence. It has been whispered to us, by our little scout, that only one of these antiquated Waltonians will take the field this year. Although he tells us that he was in the neighbourhood of Pall-mall last week, (and we are writing in the middle of March,) when he not only saw these inveterate salmon-fishers up to their eye-brows in "dubbing," "pig's wool," "mohair," "silk," and "feathers," busily engaged in tying flies for the forthcoming campaign, but chuckling over their work, and threatening death and destruction to the Namsen salmon.

Our "Boy" tells us he was sorely puzzled to account for this, but he has wormed the secret out of some one; and the truth is, that if only one of these twin Brothers of the rod proceed to the

Namsen this year, the place of the other will be filled by a friend ; so that, whether this friend be Paul or *Peter*, the result will be the same—we can hold out but little chance of a vacancy. We can, however, put the stranger up to a “dodge” worth knowing, should he be determined on visiting this splendid river. The plan is, then, to stop at Hund, two stages beyond Bangsund, on the Namsen, and fish from that spot to Vie, and even above (if the *Solitaire* have not been beforehand with him) as far as Fossland, beyond which station, as we have already said, the water is engaged.

This *ruse* can only be put in practice with any certainty of success, *very early in the season*, when the fish are making their way up the river ; but extraordinary sport is certain of being met with *during the first fortnight*, without interfering with the renters. The enthusiast may perhaps feel induced to make trial of this plan ; and we will answer for it, he will not regret *the expense* and trouble it may have caused

him. We have said that the Fiskum water is already engaged, and the Gartland and Fossland stands are claimed by their former occupants. These two latter portions, when the river is full, may be said to afford the best sport; but in dry weather, when the water is low, the Fiskum pool, immediately under the Foss, beats the shallows out of the field; so that the advantages are pretty equally balanced.

But we have been going a-head too fast. We must return to Christiania once more ere we proceed Northwards.

We will suppose, for the sake of argument, that from information received at Christiania, the Stranger will have abandoned all idea of proceeding to the Namsen. The question naturally arises, “to which river shall he go?” We unhesitatingly advise him to make trial of the Romsdal; for, notwithstanding this noble stream having been visited by many of our countrymen, abundance of sport is to be met with.

Before starting for the Romsdal, the Traveller will, in all probability, be persuaded to run across to Bergen, as there is a celebrated river which runs into the Bergen Fjord, and is full of fine salmon.

Such an expedition, unless the salmon-fisher be very early in the field, might interfere with his migration; indeed, we are of opinion, that the visit to Bergen would, to a certain extent, interfere with the sport higher up the country, inasmuch as there will be scarcely time to fish all the rivers effectually. We, nevertheless, give the route, in the event of the angler wishing to confine his tour to the southern portion of this interesting country. Let not the baggage-cart, with provisions, be forgotten, for the Traveller will fare but badly if he do not look to the creature-comforts; and remember, also, that the Forbud must be despatched with them at least two days before leaving Christiania. *Before, therefore, giving the route to the*

Romsdal, we will show the best way of approaching to Bergen.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-------------|---------------------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Christiania | to Johnsrud . . . | 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 13 |
| Johnsrud | „ Sundvolden . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Sundvolden | „ Klekken* . . . | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 10 |
| Klekken | „ Vang | 1 | 7 |
| Vang | „ Granevolden . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Granevolden | „ Ougedal | 0 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 5 |
| Ougedal | „ Smedshammer . . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 |
| Smedshammer | „ Sand (a good station.) | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Sand | „ Hof | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Hof | „ Rödnäs | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Rödnäs | „ Thonvold | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Thonvold | „ Tomlevolden . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 9 |
| Tomlevolden | „ Brufiad | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 12 |
| Brufiad | „ Freydenlund . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Freydenlund | „ Nordstrand . . . | 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 12 |
| Nordstrand | „ Reien | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Reien | „ Stee | 1 | 7 |
| Stee | „ Öyloe | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Öyloe | „ Thune | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Thune | „ Qvarne | 1 | 7 |
| Qvarne | „ Stiftsdelet (by water.†) | 2 | 14 |

* There is an excellent trout river at Klekken.

† There are boats and ferrymen at every Fjord throughout the country. The wheels must be taken off

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------------|--|---------------------|-------------------|
| Stiftsdelet | Maristuen . . . " (by water also.) | 0½ | 3½ |
| Maristuen | „ Häg | 1 | 7 |
| | (This portion by water. The remaining distance, three-and-a-half Norwegian, or twenty-four English miles by water, and the traveller pays for the whole stage, including the charge by ferry, for five Norwegian, or thirty-five English miles.) | | |
| Häg | to Husum | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Husum | „ Lysne | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Lysne | „ Leirdalsoren . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Leirdalsoren | „ Gundvangsoren . (over the Fjord.) | 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 36 |
| Gundvangsoren | „ Staleim | 1 | 7 |
| Staleim | „ Vinge | 1 | 7 |
| Vinge | „ Tvinden | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Tvinden | „ Vossevangen . . | 1 | 7 |
| Vossevangen | „ Flage | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Flage | „ Evanger | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 |
| Evanger | „ Böldstadören . . | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| | (This part by water, and one-quarter of a Norwegian, or two English miles, by land.) | | |
| Böldstadören | „ Dalseidet (by water.) | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ |
| Dalseidet | „ Dale | 0 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 5 |

the Carriole, which being light can be easily accomplished. There is a scale of charges posted up at each *ferry to prevent imposition*. The fares are moderate.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|--------|---------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Dale | „ Garnäs (by water.) | 2½ | 8 |
| Garnäs | „ Honge | 0½ | 6 |
| Honge | „ Bergen | 1½ | 10 |

Bergen as a town is almost as uninteresting a place as can well be imagined. It contains not a single object of curiosity ; and, moreover, it rains here about eleven months and three-quarters out of the twelve, and may be very justly designated as the *pot-de-chambre* of Norway. We should therefore advise the Angler who may be disposed to visit this spot, to take up his quarters at Evanger or Bölstadören. He will be nearer his fishing-ground, and the quarters at either of the stations are very tolerable. The right of fishing in the river which runs into the Fjord belongs, we believe, to Mr. Stirling, from whom leave can easily be obtained. There are also three lakes in the neighbourhood worth trying for trout. The name of this river, which is little known, and has

scarcely been fished, we never distinctly heard—at least we cared less for its appellation than the sport to be met with on its banks. We have the name, however, amongst our memoranda, but we cannot at this moment lay our hand upon the scrap of MS. We can, however, take upon ourselves to assure the Salmon-fisher that he will find excellent sport in this water; and the higher he goes the more fish he will meet with. In short, it is a capital river, and well worth the trial to those who do not feel inclined to extend their tour so far north as the Namsen and the Alten. This we leave to the option of the Piscator; therefore we will beg of him to retrace his steps to Christiania, as we have undertaken to conduct him to the Romsdal, and peradventure we may induce him to diverge once more from his route before he reaches the Guul, which noble stream, after visiting the Romsdal, is on the high-road to Trondhjem. If our Tourist *have not* remained too long at Bergen, he

may still have time to try the streams between Christiania and Trondhjem, therefore our magical pen shall transport him back to the capital, whence he shall proceed as we are about to advise.

Our Traveller's mind made up as to his route, let him not lose any time in completing his arrangements for the journey.

His native servant, who will officiate as Interpreter as well, will seek out the Forbud, and provide him with the requisite number of printed forms, so that each stage between Christiania and Verblungsnäs, the last station on the Romsdal river—the end of the journey, in fact—may be included. The distance is about 288 miles, and the stages or Stations amount to nearly forty in number. We would earnestly advise our fisherman not to carry too much luggage with him : he can leave all superfluous clothes and linen in charge of the landlord of his hotel, for we need not tell him that any article of dress beyond a second shoot-

ing jacket and trowsers and a change of boots would not only be superfluous, but an encumbrance. But he must look to the Commissariat department, for at many of the stations where he will have to rest or take up his quarters for the night, he will find nothing beyond coffee, rye-cakes bedevilled with aniseed, and, perchance, some rancid bacon. The coffee is excellent everywhere, but of good tea there is a great scarcity. Corned provisions of all kinds are to be procured, of the best quality, from the following merchants in Christiania:—Messrs. P. Larsen and Gullichsens, Ditrichson and Co., and Mr. Dübward. We should not think of starting for the Romsdal river with less than two dozen of sherry, a dozen of brandy, a couple of hams, three or four tongues, and half a hundred weight of corned beef. A keg of biscuits is indispensable, for the stuff the Peasants eat would choke the renowned Mr. Dando himself: no stomach but his could stand *it*—baked sawdust would be savoury in

comparison. The quantity of luggage allowed by *law* to be carried by each traveller in his Carriole is seventy-two pounds English, and on the baggage-cart three hundred and thirty pounds. The postmasters will occasionally endeavour to extort money by crying out against the weight of the passenger's luggage. To avoid a wrangle, therefore, it is better to be within rather than over the mark.

In order to insure accommodation on the line of march, as well as relays of horses for so gigantic a trip as the one under consideration, the cart and Forbud should be despatched, as we have already said, two days before the traveller sets forth himself; and these two days can be very well employed in partaking of the hospitality which the good citizens of Christiania are proverbial for proffering to the stranger within their gates. We speak from experience, and a grateful reminiscence of their liberality and good-fellowship. The only difficulty we ever

encountered was to tear ourselves away from the good cheer so freely lavished upon us.

If Mr. Knudzen, the saddler, should happen to have a second-hand Carriole for sale, we should recommend our Piscator to purchase it for his servant, for it can be disposed of when no longer required, and if it do not realise the price originally paid, the loss will be infinitely less than the sum which will be demanded for the hire ; besides, the purchaser will secure to himself the advantage of not being obliged to return the vehicle within a given time. As every kind of "*Comestible*" can be procured in Trondhjem, to which city the Salmon-fisher will repair after his visit to the Romsdal, one cart, judiciously loaded, will carry all the creature-comforts he may require ; for, if he be prudent, he will not encroach on his store of eatables and drinkables, save under pressing circumstances ; and it will form part of the servant's duty, who ought to be thoroughly

acquainted with the line of country, to direct, that such a supply of biscuit, wine, and meat, may be left for the Traveller at those inferior stations where provender is not to be had, in order that his master may obtain the necessary refreshment *en passant*. The leather cases, to contain four bottles each, and which are attached to the dash-iron of the Carriole, will contain enough of the *cratur* to last for some stages—two of wine and two of brandy in each; and a boiled tongue and a dressed ham can be packed under the seat of the vehicle. As we now consider the Traveller duly prepared for his journey, we will give him his route. The Carrioles at the door of the Hôtel du Nord—the gun-case slung beneath the body of the Carriole—the two salmon-rod cases attached to the shafts of one carriage, and two trout-rod cases to the shafts of the other—master and man take leave of the host, mount into their solitary seats, flourish their whips, and are fairly off—

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------------|---------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Christiania | to Graarud | 1 | 7 |
| Graarud | „ Skrimstad | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Skrimstad | „ Klöften | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Klöften | „ Lie | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Lie | „ Raaholt | 1 | 7 |
| Raaholt | „ Eidsvold | 0 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 3 |
| English Miles— | | | 42 |

There is not any Station, so to speak, at Eidsvold, but the Trout-fisher will find so many attractions here, that he will make it a resting-place. There will be found very excellent accommodation at any one of the houses occupied by the Overseers and Superintendents of the extensive iron-works carried on near the banks of the Eidsvold river. The water is full of trout and of good size. The fishing begins close to the works, and for three miles below and five or six above the village, the sport will be found transcendently good, so much so, that although the professed salmon-fisher may deem it *infra dig.* to amuse himself with these small fry, we are of *opinion* that two or three days would not

be thrown away on this prolific stream. In order that those who travel this way may follow our example and take our advice, we will give a list of Trout flies which we have ever found most killing in the Norwegian streams, and to Amateurs who tie their own, the following directions may be found acceptable.

No. 1.—LORD SALTOUN.

Hook—(Phillips's) F F F.
Body—Black silk.
Ribbed—Silver twist.
Legs—Black hackle.
Wing—From the wing of a Jay.

No. 2.—THE ORANGE DUN.

Hook—F F.
Body—Waxed orange silk.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Dark-red hackle.
Wing—Starling's wing.

No. 3.—THE PROFESSOR.

Hook—F F.
Body—Yellow silk.
Legs—Black hackle (three turns at the shoulder).
Wing—Copper Mallard.

No. 4.—THE LIFE GUARDSMAN.

Hook—F F F.

Body—Scarlet mohair.

Legs—Bright-red hackle (three turns at the shoulder).

Wing—From the dark feather of a Heron's wing.

No. 5.—THE NIGGER.

Hook—F F F.

Tip—Gold twist.

Body—Black mohair.

Legs—Black hackle.

Wing—From the wing of the Raven.

No. 6.—THE PILGRIM.

Hook—F.

Body—Yellow silk, waxed.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Dark-red hackle.

Wing—Woodcock.

No. 7.—THE QUAKER.

Hook—F F F.

Body—Of the fur from a Siberian Squirrel.

Ribbed—Silver twist.

Legs—The fur of the body *tied in to show the points,*
and to be well picked out at the shoulder.

Wing—From the Jay's wing.

N.B.—This is a deadly fly (tied larger) for Peal and
Sea-trout.

No. 8.—THE BROWN SPINNER.

Hook—F F.

Tail—Two strands from a red hackle.

Body—Dark-brown mohair.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Red hackle all the way up.

Wing—Copper Mallard.

No. 9.—THE HARE'S LUG.

Hook—F.

Tip—Gold twist.

Body—From the Hare's ear, picked out at the shoulder.

Wing—From the Starling's wing.

No. 10.—THE TOWNSHEND.

(*An evening fly.*)

Hook—F F F, or C.

Body—Orange and brown mohair, mixed.

Legs—Ginger hackle, thick at the shoulder.

Wing—From the wing of a brown Owl, or Bittern.

No. 11.—THE SALISBURY PET.

(*Also an evening fly.*)

Hook—F F F, or C.

Body—Very pale buff mohair.

Legs—Pale ginger hackle, thick at the shoulder.

Wing—From the Landrail, or the under feather of a
Widgeon's wing.

No. 12.—THE HALF-CASTE.

Hook—C.

Body—Black Ostrich.

Legs—A furnace hackle.

Wing—From the wing of a Woodcock.

We have here given twelve specimens of flies, and we can undertake to assure the trout-fisher that with this said round dozen he may kill all the fish in Norway, provided he has time and patience at his command to make the experiment. The greatest attraction of all, however, to the lover of trout-fishing, will be a lake called the Mjosen (pronounced Musen). It is seventy miles long, and varies in breadth from one to five. The next station from Eidsvold, called Minde, is situated at the southern extremity of this magnificent sheet of water—

| From | Station. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Eidsvold | to Minde . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |

This is a very comfortable station, and the accommodations are excellent; beds

good and provisions very tolerable. It will be as well to try this end of the lake before proceeding on to Lillehammer, which little town is situated at its northern extremity. There is also a capital little river full of fine trout, which flows into the Mjosen, called the Vormen, which should not be lost sight of. The fish in this beautiful lake run very large, in spite of their natural enemy the Pike, of which destructive pests we believe there is no lack. We have been informed from unquestionable authority that trout have been taken here by the natives (in nets) of twenty pounds weight, and we have also been assured from the same source, that fifteen and sixteen pounds is a common size. We cannot speak from experience, never having taken any above nine or ten, neither have we ever killed any pike in this water, but that this voracious fish does infest the lake there is no doubt. Had this little volume gone forth to the world under any other title than "Jones's Guide to Norway," we should

have rejoiced in the opportunity afforded us of recording the merits of his India rubber minnows, for in this lake they would be as invaluable as they have been found by all those who have tried them at home. Fearing therefore that any eulogium of ours, however just, might be imputed to an unworthy motive, and that we were doing a little in the advertising way under Mr. Jones's direction, or with his sanction, we will merely say that where spinning is resorted to, these artificial minnows are matchless and infallible, and we *must* add, that they will kill when the live bait has failed.

A boat can be hired at Minde for the lake fishing, the expense of which, including two rowers, will be about three shillings a-day.

As we take it for granted the Amateur will not pass this splendid Lake without testing its merits, we will do all in our power to contribute to his sport by furnishing a dozen samples of flies, which, from

experience, we know to be most palatable to the trout that there do dwell. They will be found very captivating, and have done great execution. They have not as yet been christened. Perhaps when their taking qualities are more extensively known, some kind Piscator will undertake the office of Godfather.

No. 1.

Hook—(Phillips's) B.
Body—Red pig's wool.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Red hackle.
Wing—Copper Mallard.

No. 2.

Hook—C, or C C.
Body—Black pig's wool.
Ribbed—Silver twist.
Legs—Black hackle.
Wing—Jay, or Heron.

No. 3.

Hook—C, or C C.
Tail—Two strands of Copper Mallard.
Body—Orange silk.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Grouse hackle.
Wing—Grouse and Mallard, mixed.

No. 4.

Hook—B.

Tail—Copper Mallard, two strands.

Tip—Orange silk, and gold twist.

Body—Claret mohair.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Claret hackle.

Wing—Dark Copper Mallard.

No. 5.

Hook—C C.

Tail—Two strands of dark Copper Mallard.

Tip—Gold twist and brown silk.

Body—Buff mohair.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Grizzled hackle.

Wing—Mallard, dyed yellow.

Head—Brown.

No. 6.

Hook—C C.

Body—Orange mohair.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Black hackle.

Wing—Copper Mallard.

No. 7.

Hook—C C.

Body—Peacock harl.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Black hackle.

Wing—From the tail of a hen Pheasant.

No. 8.

Hook—C C.
Tip—Gold twist.
Body—Crimson silk.
Legs—Red hackle.
Wing—Copper Mallard.

No. 9.

Hook—B.
Body—Lower half, orange; upper half, black mohair.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Scotch hackle.
Wing—Guinea-hen.

No. 10.

Hook—C or C C.
Body—Claret mohair.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Black hackle.
Wing—The mottled feather from a hen Pheasant's tail.

N.B.—This is *a first-rate fly*.

No. 11.

Hook—C.
Body—Orange silk.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Legs—Red hackle.
Wing—From a Jay's wing, and Partridge tail over.

No. 12.

Hook—C. or C C.

Tip—Gold twist and orange silk.

Body—Peacock harl.

Legs—Red hackle.

Wing—From the wing of a cock Pheasant.

These flies may or may not be adapted to the Lakes of Scotland, Cumberland, and Ireland, but we can answer for their killing on the “Mjosen,” and every other sheet of still water in Norway. Having tried the tail of the “Mjosen,” and satisfied himself that our statement as regards its fecundity is not without foundation, our Pupil, if we may be permitted to call him so, will be anxious to try t’other end and examine the head as well as the tail.

The distance from Minde to Lillehammer is seventy good English miles. There will be nothing to tempt the traveller to halt between the two stations beyond the extreme beauty of the scenery. The road, for nearly the whole of the way, skirts the shores of this magnificent Lake. A more *romantic* or beautiful drive it is impossible

to conceive. In the month of June, the period when these Piscatorial excursions are usually undertaken, the days are scarcely divided, one from the other, by darkness. At this period of the year twilight even is scarcely distinguishable, so that the Traveller may consult his own convenience, and tax his powers of enduring fatigue to their utmost limit, by travelling the twenty-four hours through if he so listeth. In journeying from Minde to Lillehammer the best plan will be to start by six, or earlier if possible, in the morning, taking care to carry a good supply of sandwiches, or rather biscuit and cold meat. Some good coffee, milk, and butter can be had at Nöklebye, the third Station on the road, and towards the afternoon, while changing the horse at any of the following stages, a snack *à la minute* can be taken, and a pull out of one of the bottles of sherry to keep the steam up until arriving at Lillehammer. The following are the stations through which the traveller will have to pass:—

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------------|--------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Minde | to Morstuen . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Morstuen | „ Korsödegaarden . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Korsödegaarden | „ Nöklebye . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Nöklebye | „ Frogner . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Frogner | „ Bjerke . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Bjerke | „ Fangberget . . | 1 | 7 |
| Fangberget | „ Moe . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Moe | „ Freng . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Freng | „ Lillehammer . . | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 9 |

Lillehammer is a neat little town and a thriving one withal. Its principal trade is in timber, for which, now that a Railroad is about to be formed to Christiania, there will, as a matter of course, be an increased demand.

There is one very good Inn here, and we presume our fisherman will devote a day or two to spinning and throwing a fly on the Lake before proceeding further; and we can answer for it he will find plenty of amusement; and we are much mistaken, also, if he will not take up his quarters here for two, if not three, days. As we *hold* really good trout-fishing in affection,

we may be pardoned for suggesting the policy of trying another first-rate stream which discharges itself into the Mjosen. It is called the Losne Water, and to be fished to advantage the Angler should halt and put up for the day at the next stage, Moshuus, a distance of twelve miles. The accommodations at this Station are very good, and the beds clean, and (for Norway) comfortable. The Losne Water is full of fine trout, and affords the best fishing to be met with in the country. Having enjoyed a *quantum suff.* of trout-fishing, the Piscator, not having much time to lose, must push on for the Romsdal. He has already accomplished 132 miles, the last stage being

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-------------|--|------------------|----------------|
| Lillehammer | to Moshuus . . . | 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 12 |
| Moshuus | „ Holmen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Holmen | „ Lösnas . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Lösnas | „ Elstad . . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 |
| | Elstad is a good station, and a tolerable luncheon can be had. | | |
| Elstad | „ Oden . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 10 |
| Oden | „ Moen . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Moen | „ Vig . . . | 1 | 7 |

This is another good station, and combines the comfort of an inn. Provisions very tolerable; the Landlady fat, civil, and obliging, who is blest with a brace of chubby, rosy-cheeked daughters, all smiles and good humour. Here the wayfarer will stop for the night and be made as comfortable as possible. N.B.—Please not to take liberties with the Damsels, as they are Dragons of virtue.

Rise with the lark the following morning, and after having shaken hands with the whole family, which they will insist upon, start

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|---|------------------|----------------|
| Vig | to Solhjem . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 11 |
| | N.B.—Solhjem is a wretchedly dirty station. | | |
| Solhjem | , Laugaard . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |

This is a very rough stage, and a tedious one withal; the roads heavy and hilly, but the scenery is splendid.

Breakfast here—coffee, butter, eggs, and milk; all excellent. Having discussed the *matin meal*, proceed we

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|-----------------|------------------|----------------|
| Laugaard | to Haugen . . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Haugen | „ Tofte | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Tofte | „ Lie | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |

Thus far, up to Lie, or Lien, as it is mis-called, we have been travelling on the high road from Christiania to Trondhjem, but to reach the Romsdal river we must now diverge to the left, about half-a-mile, or rather more, beyond the Station. The reader is requested to bear this in mind, as we shall return to this point from the Romsdal, taking the celebrated river “Guul” *en route* to Trondhjem.

Having delivered ourselves of this important N.B., we will be off again, with the Reader’s permission,

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Lie | to Holager . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Holager | „ Hoelset . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 10 |

We have two reasons to adduce in recommending the traveller to stop here:—Firstly, the Station is a good one, the accommo-

dation passable; and secondly, between Holager and Hoelset there is a small lake called the "Lessöe Water," where a few hours can be most profitably and pleasantly passed in spinning with artificial bait or throwing the fly. This little Lake is full of trout. Having killed a goodly dish of fish for supper or breakfast, as the case may be, we will "move on"

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Hoelset | to Lessöe Iernvärv . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| | (Anglicè Lessöe Ironworks.) | | |
| Lessöe Iernvärv | „ Molmen . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Molmen | „ Nystuen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Nystuen | „ Ormen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Ormen | „ Fladmark . . . | 1 | 7 |

These two stations, Ormen and Fladmark, are both on the Romsdal River, as well as the two following, and the Salmon-fisher can commence business by taking up his quarters at Ormen, where he will be comfortably housed at the Station. Having tried this portion of the river, he may fish *his way* up to Verblungsnäs, proceeding

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|--------------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Fladmark | to Horjem . . . | 1 | 7 |
| | A very good station, and | | |
| Horjem | ,, Verblungsnäs . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |

There are splendid pools and stands between Fladmark and Verblungsnäs, and the fishing above the town is remarkably good. There will be no difficulty as to obtaining permission from the proprietors; a trifling douceur and an arrangement as to the division of the spoil will remove all difficulties. The inn at Verblungsnäs is a good one, the landlord disposed to make his guests comfortable, and the accommodation on the whole better than might be expected. There is a remarkable mountain about three miles from the town, that on one side is perfectly perpendicular. It is about two thousand feet high, and when driving immediately under it the effect is extraordinary. The surrounding scenery is considered the finest in Norway. The Romsdal is a favourite river with many of our countrymen, especially with a gentleman

named Prettyman (no relation of the second Mrs. Caudle's, be it observed), who has killed innumerable salmon there.

The flies already described in the earlier part of this book will take in this river as well as those which will be given hereafter for the Guul, the Nid, and the Namsen. Much will depend in the selection, on the state of the water; the Angler's observation and judgment must guide him in this respect, as well as in finding out the holes and corners where the salmon congregate. Experience, coupled with a close attention to the habits of these fish, will enable the Angler to command success; but lacking these, it will be looked for in vain.

The resources of the Romsdal River having been ascertained, we will ask our traveller to "try back," for the purpose of visiting the "Guul," the "Nid," and the "Orke." If we can spy into futurity a little, he will not turn his back upon Verblungsnäs without regret, for the lover of *angling* will have enjoyed himself on the

Romsdal River to his heart's content. The salmon perhaps do not run quite so large as on the "Guul" or the "Namsen," but there are plenty of them, and better sport no man need desire. But as our countryman doubtless goes to Norway to explore more than one river in that land of Foss and Fjord, he will not be content with one or two samples, however good. Therefore turneth he round his long-shafted Carriole, packeth up his traps, and strappeth his salmon rods unto the unseemly poles upon which his unsociable vehicle is poised, and backward doth he travel—he retraceth his steps, and reversing his route, repasseth through the stations now familiar to him, viz., "Horjem," "Fladmark," "Ormen," "Nystuen," "Molmen," "Lessöe Iernväärk," "Hoelset," "Holager," and lastly, "Lie." Here the traveller once more resumes the "*grande-route*" to Trondhjem.

The excellent accommodation he will have found at Hoelset, on his road to the Romsdal, will induce him to sleep there

on his return ; he will then have two easy stages to perform in reaching Lie, and here commences his journey northwards.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Lie | to Frogstuen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Frogstuen | ,, Jerkin . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 13 |

This is a long stage, and a very hilly one to boot, and if the Traveller have any mercy, he will walk the greater part of the way to ease his willing little quadruped. Arrived at Jerkin, he will beyond a doubt make up his mind to remain there for the night, for he will not be long in discovering that it is the best Station he has stopped at during his journey. It is, in point of fact, a first-rate Inn ; and cleanliness and comfort distinguish it pre-eminently from every other Station on the road. Here the Traveller may feast to repletion on Rein-deer meat, Ptarmigan, and Capercaillie ; and when his fishing excursion has terminated, he must not forget, on his return homewards in August or September, to take up his abode

at Jerkin for a week or so, as he will have ample employment for his gun. Guides will be found to lead him to the haunts of the Rein-deer, and while scouring the hills, he will put up packs of Ptarmigan, and some stray Capercaillie. Frogstuen, Jerkin, and the two next Stations, are situated on the highest range of mountains in Norway. There is capital shooting to be had for miles around the Station, and a ramble over the hills, with a double barrel, will have the charm of novelty after wielding the Salmon-rod for so many weeks.

Jerkin can boast, in addition to its other numerous attractions, of a hugely corpulent Hostess and a tribe of plump and juicy daughters. The good cheer beneath the snug roof of this Hostelrie appears to agree marvellously with the whole family—they are, one and all, as fat as Hampshire hogs, if we may make so gross a comparison. Their rotundity is only equalled by their good-humour ; they make the Traveller feel at home, and are unwearied in their

exertions to please. The Virgins are paragons of propriety—artless to a degree; and if they should invade the privacy of the stranger's dormitory, take our word for it, they are guiltless of any improper intention.

Jerkin! spite of thy good cheer, unimpeachable butter, and buxom Handmaidens with short waists and expansive petticoats, we must quit thee, and shake hands with our rotund hostess. Adieu! One more cordial grasp, and we are on the road

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Jerkin | to Kongsvold . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Kongsvold | „ Drivstuen . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 10 |

There is a very pretty Trout Stream here, called the “Drive” (pronounced *Dreery*). It is full of fish, but they do not run large.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--------------------|---------------------|----------------------------------|
| Drivstuen | to Rüise | 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ | 8 (Pronounced <i>Reesy</i> .) |
| Rüise | „ Övne | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 (Pronounced <i>Uvney</i> .) |
| Övne | „ Stuen | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Stuen | „ Sundseth | 1 | 7 |

In the year 18—, two worthy Brothers of the rod, who had accompanied us as far as Övne, left us at that Station, as they were proceeding to the Sundal and Surendal Rivers, and we were bound to the Namsen. The description, however, given of these Streams was so encouraging, that we were induced to pay them a visit the succeeding year. Nor were we disappointed: we had excellent sport: and we consider the Sundal so good a river, that we never pass Övne without turning off the main road, and cutting across to pass a few days on its banks. The Surendal lies higher up, and between this Stream and the Sundal the roads are so indifferent, and the Fjords so numerous, wide, and difficult of passage, that we would by no means recommend any of our brother Piscators to make the experiment. We tried it once, and for the last time. If the Surendal must be tried—and it is a good Stream, full of fish,—it will be better to return to Övne, and turn off at Sundsæth, two Stages beyond, on the

high-road to Trondhjem. As we consider the Sundal well worth a trial, we will give the Route.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|--------------|---|--------------------------------|----------------|
| Övne | to Aalbue . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Aalbue | „ Gravövne . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Gravövne | „ Klethammer . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 |
| Klethammer | „ Amtsgrändsen . | 0 $\frac{3}{8}$ (By water.) | 3 |
| Amtsgrändsen | „ Gjöra . . . | 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 2 |
| | (By water, and after crossing this Fjord proceed by land.) . . | 0 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 5 |
| Gjöra | „ Snöva . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |

The fishing may be said to commence here; and as Snöva is a tolerably good Station, and the accommodations very passable, the Angler may take up his quarters for a few days. He will then proceed

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| Snöva | to Hoaas . . . | 1 | 7 |

This Station is also on the River. Fish here, and then proceed

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-------|--------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Hoaas | to Sundalsören . . | 1 | 7 |

Here are the fisherman's head Quarters,

and he will find plenty of sport the whole of the way from Snöva. The Sundal runs into the Fjord of that name at this spot.

As we have said, there *is* a road from Sundalsören to Surendalsören, running, for the greater part of the way, by the western bank of the Orke, of which River we shall have to speak when our traveller has reached Trondhjem. As this route is by no means an agreeable one, it will be better, if time be of no consequence, to return to Övne.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---|-------------------------|------------------|-----------------|
| Övne | to Stuen | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Stuen | „ Sundsæth | 1 | 7 |
| (The road to the Surendal turns off to the left.) | | | |
| Sundsæth | „ Flaae | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 10 |
| Flaae | „ Haarstad | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| Haarstad | „ Grudt | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Grudt | „ Kalstad | 1 | 7 |
| (This is a good Station. Stop here the night.) | | | |
| Kalstad | „ Garberg | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Garberg | „ Holten | 1 | 7 |
| Holten | „ Aune | 1 | 7 |
| Aune | „ Säter | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Säter | „ Haandstad | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Haandstad | „ Surendalsören | 1 | 7 |

The Surendal runs into the Fjord here, and there is excellent fishing all the way up the river.

We have given the Routes to these two Rivers, as the Salmon-fisher, on his first visit to Norway, might wish to try every Stream within his reach. Having so done, we will return to Sundseth, and proceed to the Guul, and we hope to be pardoned for the digression.

This is a tolerably good Station, and affords very fair accommodation; and as the next is but little better than a pig-stye, we recommend our Countryman to make this his resting-place for the night, which, by the way, he will be the more inclined to do, as the three or four last Stages being both heavy and hilly, his walk up the steep acclivities will have predisposed him to cry "halt till the morning."

After a sound nap on skins and planks, which in Norway do duty for mattresses and feather-beds, he will move *on again*

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--|---------------------|-------------------|
| Sundseth | to Bjerkager | 1 | 7 |
| Bjerkager | ,, Garlie (A good Station.) | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Garlie | ,, Hoo | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Hoo | ,, Soknäs | 1 | 7 |

This Station is on the Guul, a River as celebrated as the Namsen itself. It is not only renowned in Norway, but its fame has spread far and wide, and is held by all those who have visited it, to be one of the noblest streams in which the Salmon-fisher ever wetted a line. Wondrous has been the sport met with by our Countrymen; and, to this day, the Guul is remembered by them with feelings that none but a real lover of the Art can enter into or appreciate. Soknäs, then, is the fisherman's haven, or Heaven, whichever the Angler pleases, for those who come to fish the Guul stop there.

There is a better chance for the Stranger on the Guul than the Namsen, as there are fewer *Lessees* of the Water, and the

“Stands” or “Lots” are taken yearly, on the “first come, first serve” principle, with the exception of about three miles of the river, between Soknäs and a station called Roystad, twelve English miles higher up. A knot of jolly Anglers have rented this Stand for the last two years; and here it was that a gentleman named Hornden, after having hooked a thirty-pounder, and finding it impracticable to land his Captive on *his* side of the stream, plunged into the river, with his rod erect in one hand, while with the other he stemmed the flowing tide, and succeeded in landing on the opposite bank, where he killed his fish in a workmanlike manner, to the delight and astonishment of those who witnessed this unparalleled achievement. This is a fact worthy of being recorded, and adds, if possible, to the celebrity Mr. Hornden has gained for himself as a first-class Salmon-fisher. This gentleman has been known to kill three hundred weight of fish on the *Guul* in two days.

Above Roystad again, there is another Station called Bogen, about seven English miles higher up. The fishing from this spot down to Roystad is pre-eminently good. We heard last year that half this water had been engaged. This may or may not be true. Admitting, however, that three miles of the water be rented, the remaining portion is well worth looking after. But we are of opinion that if a couple of friends were to unite their interests, and agree to divide the expenses, they might, by getting there in time—that is, getting the start of other Amateurs—secure the whole of the seven miles between these two Stations; and it will be borne in mind as well, that nearly half of the water between Soknäs and Roystad is disengaged.

We have said that the Guul is second only to the Namsen, as a Salmon-river; and next to the Guul is the Nid, which discharges itself into the Fjord close to Trondhjem. Of this River we shall speak anon.

Having mentioned the Namsem, the Guul, and the Nid conjointly, a *tria juncta in uno* of fluviatic excellence, we have no little pleasure in submitting a list of choice flies that have done good service in each of them. The twenty specimens here given have been carefully selected by some two or three of the most accomplished Salmon-fishers that ever threw a line ; and we are not without a hope that the Illustrations which accompany the descriptions will find favor in the eyes of our brother Craftsmen. The Artist has bestowed some pains in coloring the engravings, and we trust our Readers will agree with us in opinion, that he has been successful in carrying out the object we had in view—that of conveying a correct and highly-finished representation of each particular Fly.

The Hooks upon which these flies are tied, are manufactured by Phillips, of Dublin.

No. 1.—THE BARONET.

Precedence is justly accorded to this Fly, for with it, Sir Hyde Parker, not many years since, killed a magnificent Salmon weighing upwards of Sixty Pounds. This noble fish fought hard and struggled vigorously for upwards of an hour; and, to add to the interest connected with its capture, the wary and experienced Fisherman, having perceived that two out of the three strands of his Line had parted, took advantage of a temporary exhaustion of the fish to knot it before his captive had recovered its strength, or, as a facetious friend of ours calls it, “second wind.” By these means, and after playing the Salmon for the period above mentioned, it was gaffed and landed, to the no small satisfaction of the skilful Angler and his attendants. This is the fly—

No. 1.—THE BARONET.

Hook—No. 6, 7, or 8.

Tag—Red mohair.

Tip—Gold twist.

Body—Claret Pig's wool.

Ribbed—Gold twist.

Legs—Black and yellow hackle run up together.

Wings—Two golden Tippets dyed crimson, sprigged with
Mallard, Teal, Golden Pheasant, and Argus Pheasant tail.

Horns—Blue Macaw.

Head—Black.

No. 2.—THE RAINBOW.

Hook—No. 7 or 8.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Silver twist.

Body—Blood-red, orange, yellow, green, blue, and rich purple
Pig's wool.

Ribbed—Silver twist.

Legs—Huckles to correspond over each colour.

Wing—Four Golden Pheasant Toppings.

Head—Black.

No. 3.—THE STUNNER.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Silver twist and crimson silk.

Body—Pale blue, yellow, claret, and dark blue Pig's wool at the
shoulder.

Legs—Claret Hackle.

Throat—Guinea-hen and blue Hackle.

Ribbed—Gold tinsel and silver twist.

Wing—Two golden Tippets, a little Bustard, and two golden
Toppings over all.

Horns—Blue Macaw.

Head—Yellow Mohair.



THE BARONET.



THE RAINBOW.



THE STUNNER.

W. M. HARRIS.



1



No. 4.—THE BUTCHER.

Hook—No. 6, 7, or 8.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping, or Guinea-hen.
 Tip—Gold twist and orange silk.
 Body—Claret, pale blue, red and dark-blue Pig's wool.
 Ribbed—Silver tinsel.
 Legs—Black Hackle.
 Throat—Orange Hackle and Guinea-hen.
 Wings—One golden Tippet, one red feather from the rump of
 the Golden Pheasant, sprigged with Mallard, Teal,
 Guinea-hen, and Golden Pheasant tail.
 Horns—Yellow Macaw.
 Head—Black.

No. 5.—THE JACKASS.

Hook—No. 8 or 9.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.
 Tip—Gold twist and orange silk.
 Body—From the side of a dun-coloured Donkey, mixed with a
 little red Mohair.
 Ribbed—Gold tinsel.
 Legs—A grizzled dun Hackle.
 Throat—A Jay's hackle.
 Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Guinea-hen, Golden Pheasant-
 tail, and Tippet, Bustard, and Peacock's wing.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black.

No. 6.—THE DOCTOR.

Hook, No. 7, 8, or 9.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant and Teal.
 Tip—Gold twist and scarlet Mohair.
 Body—Pale blue silk.
 Ribbed—Silver tinsel.
 Legs—Jay hackle, or black.
 Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Bustard, Guinea-hen, Turkey,
 green Parrot, and blue and red Macaw.
 N.B.—A golden Topping over all is sometimes added.
 Head—Red.
 N.B.—This is a captivating fly; the very best we know of
 when the water is low.







THE BUTTERFLY



THE JACKASS.



THE DOCTOR.



No. 7.—THE BAKER.

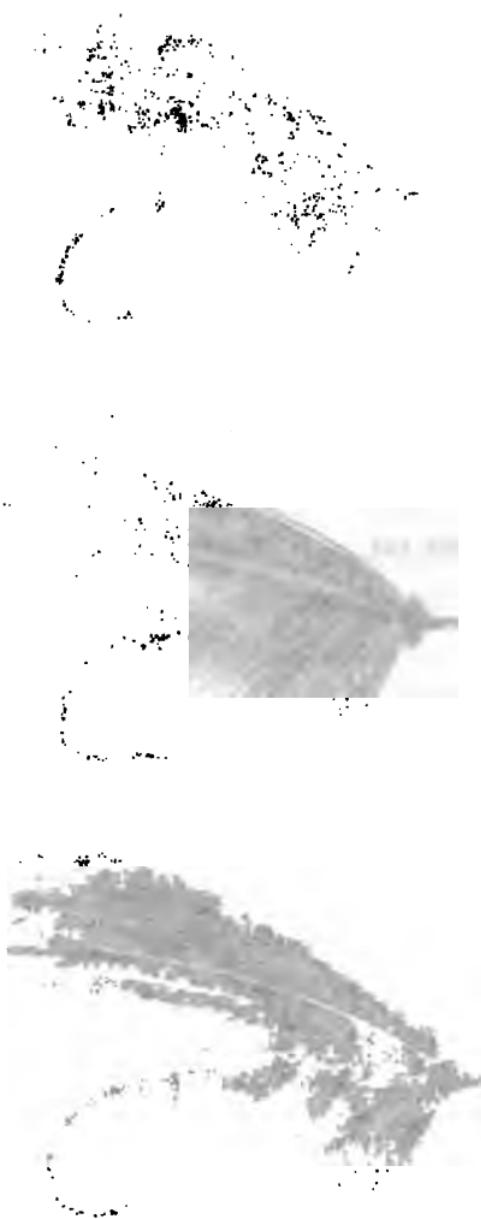
Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.
Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.
Tip—Gold twist, blue silk, and Ostrich.
Body—Yellow silk, orange, blue, and red Mohair.
Ribbed—Gold tinsel.
Throat—Guinea Hen.
Legs—Claret or red Hackle.
Wing—(Mixed) Two Golden Tippets, Mallard, Teal, Green Parrot, Bustard, or Golden Pheasant.
Horns—Blue Macaw, blue Hackle over.
Head—Black.

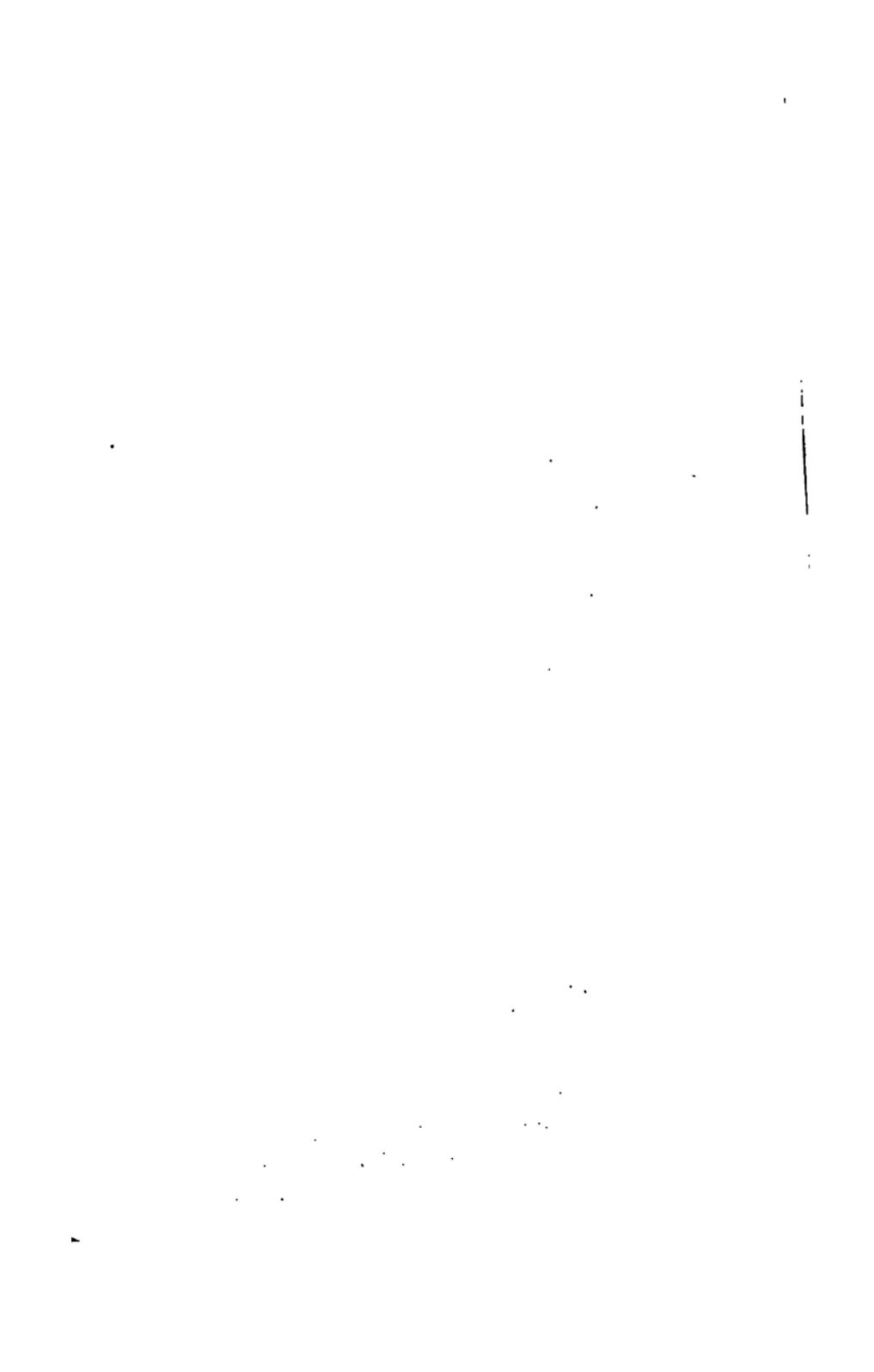
No. 8.—THE BONNE-BOUCHE.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.
Tail—Golden Pheasant.
Tip—Gold twist and scarlet Mohair.
Body—Lower half yellow ; Upper half, bright claret Pig's wool.
Legs—Bright claret Hackle.
Ribbed—Gold twist.
Throat—Guinea Hen or Jay's Hackle.
Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Guinea Hen, Bustard, and claret Hackle in the centre.
Horns—Red and Blue Macaw.
Head—Black.

No. 9.—THE SWITCHER.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.
Tail—Golden Pheasant.
Tip—Gold twist, orange silk, and black Ostrich.
Body—Dark-blue Pig's wool.
Ribbed—Silver tinsel and gold twist.
Throat—Orange Hackle.
Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Bustard, Golden Pheasant tail, and Peacock, blue Hackle over all.
Horns—Blue and Red Macaw.
Head—Black.







THE BAKER.



THE BONNE BOUCHE.



THE SWITCHER.

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No. 10.—THE CHILDERS.

Hook—No 7, 8, or 9.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant and Teal.
 Tip—Gold twist and yellow silk.
 Body—in patches of yellow, orange, and red Pig's wool, up to the shoulder.
 Ribbed—Gold tinsel.
 Legs—Plain black or red Hackle.
 Throat—Jay's Hackle.
 Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Guinea-hen, Bustard, Green Parrot, Golden Pheasant's tail, Peacock, and tail of a Black Cockatoo.
 Horns—Blue and red Macaw.
 Head—Black.

No. 11.—THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant.
 Tip—Silver twist, orange silk, and Ostrich.
 Body—Green silk, and green Pig's wool under the shoulder.
 Ribbed—Silver tinsel and gold twist.
 Legs—Black Hackle.
 Throat—A dyed blue Hackle.
 Wing—Two Golden Pheasant Tippets, sprigged with Bustard and Golden Pheasant's tail: two golden Toppings over all.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black.

No. 12.—THE ASSASSIN.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant, Guinea-hen, and Blue Macaw.
 Tip—Gold twist, blue silk, scarlet silk, and Ostrich.
 Body—Lower half, dark blue, and upper half, claret Pig's wool.
 Ribbed—Gold tinsel.
 Legs—Dark claret Hackle.
 Throat—Jay's Hackle.
 Wing—(Mixed) Mallard, Teal, Bustard, Black Cockatoo, Guinea-hen, golden Tippet, and golden Topping over all.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black.



1

10

THE CHILDRESS.



11

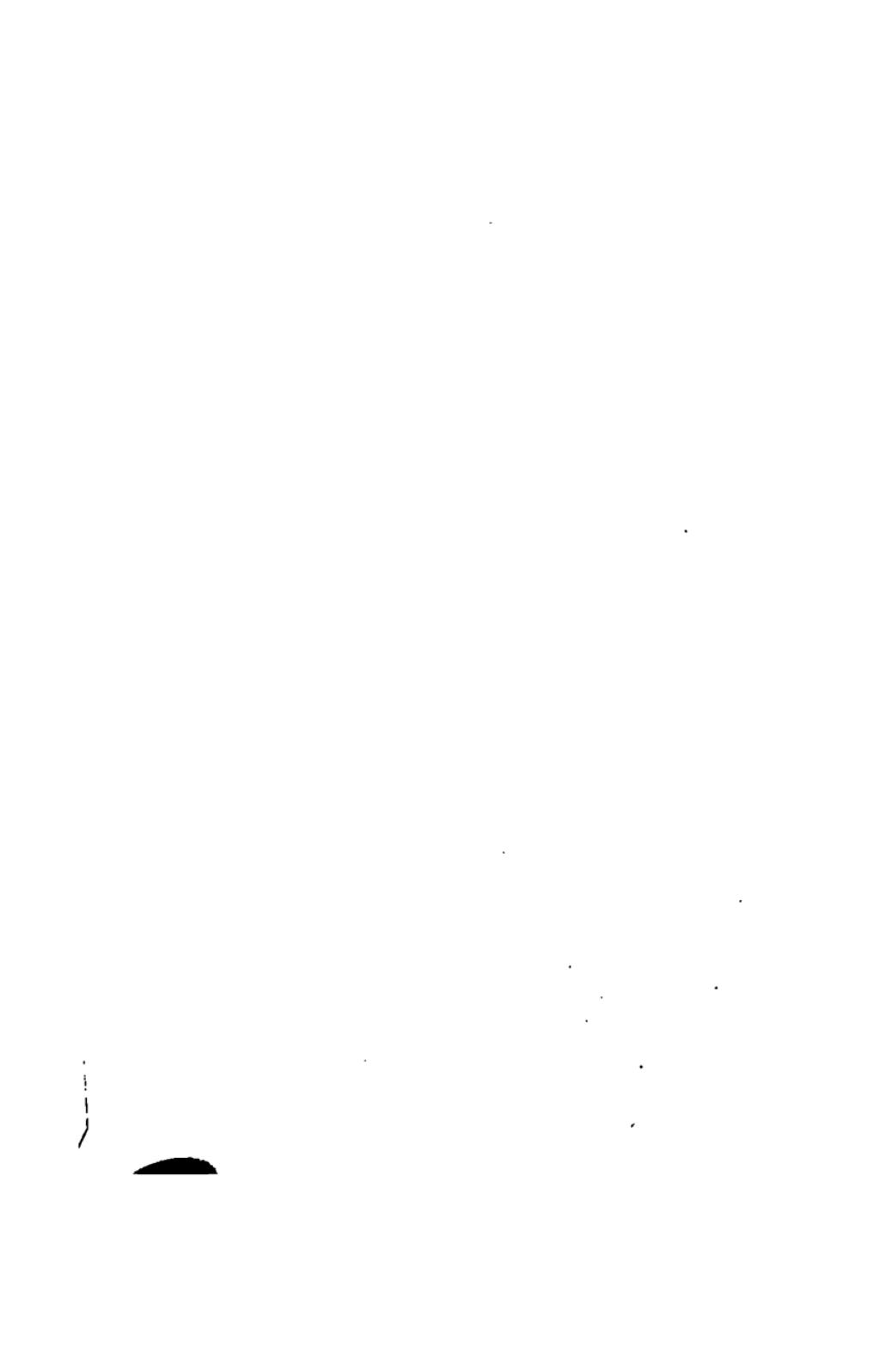
THE ARTFUL DODGER.



12

THE ARABIAN.





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No. 13.—THE CADOGAN.

Hook—No. 6, 7, or 8.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant and Kingfisher.
 Tip—Silver twist and Ostrich.
 Body—Crimson silk and crimson Pig's wool *well picked out*.
 Ribbed—Gold and silver tinsel.
 Legs—Claret Hackle.
 Throat—Blue Hackle (dyed).
 Wing—Two Golden Pheasant Tippets sprigged with Mallard,
 Teal, Bustard, Guinea-Hen, Argus, and Golden Pheasant
 tail.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black.

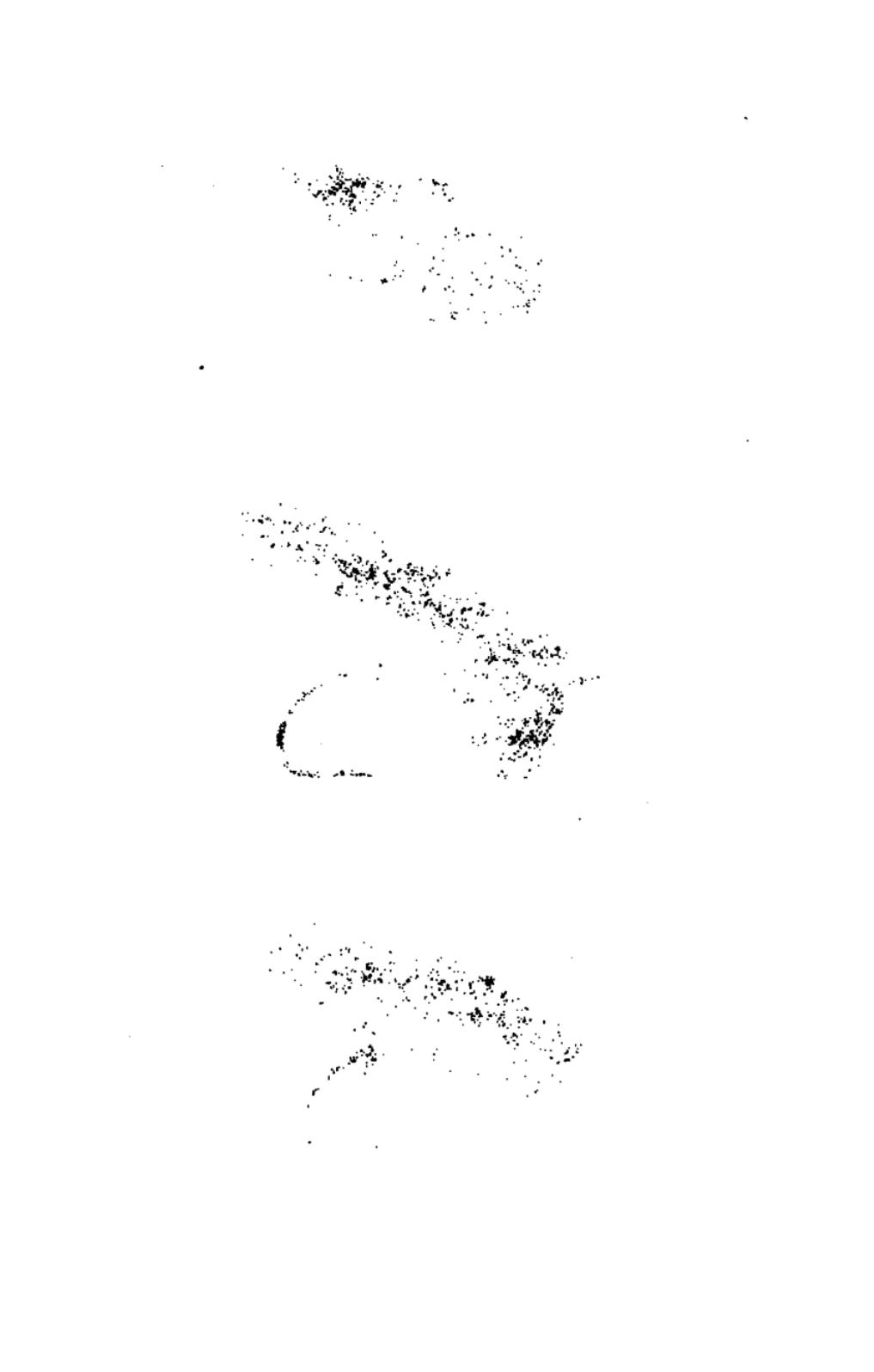
No. 14.—TOM TICKLER.

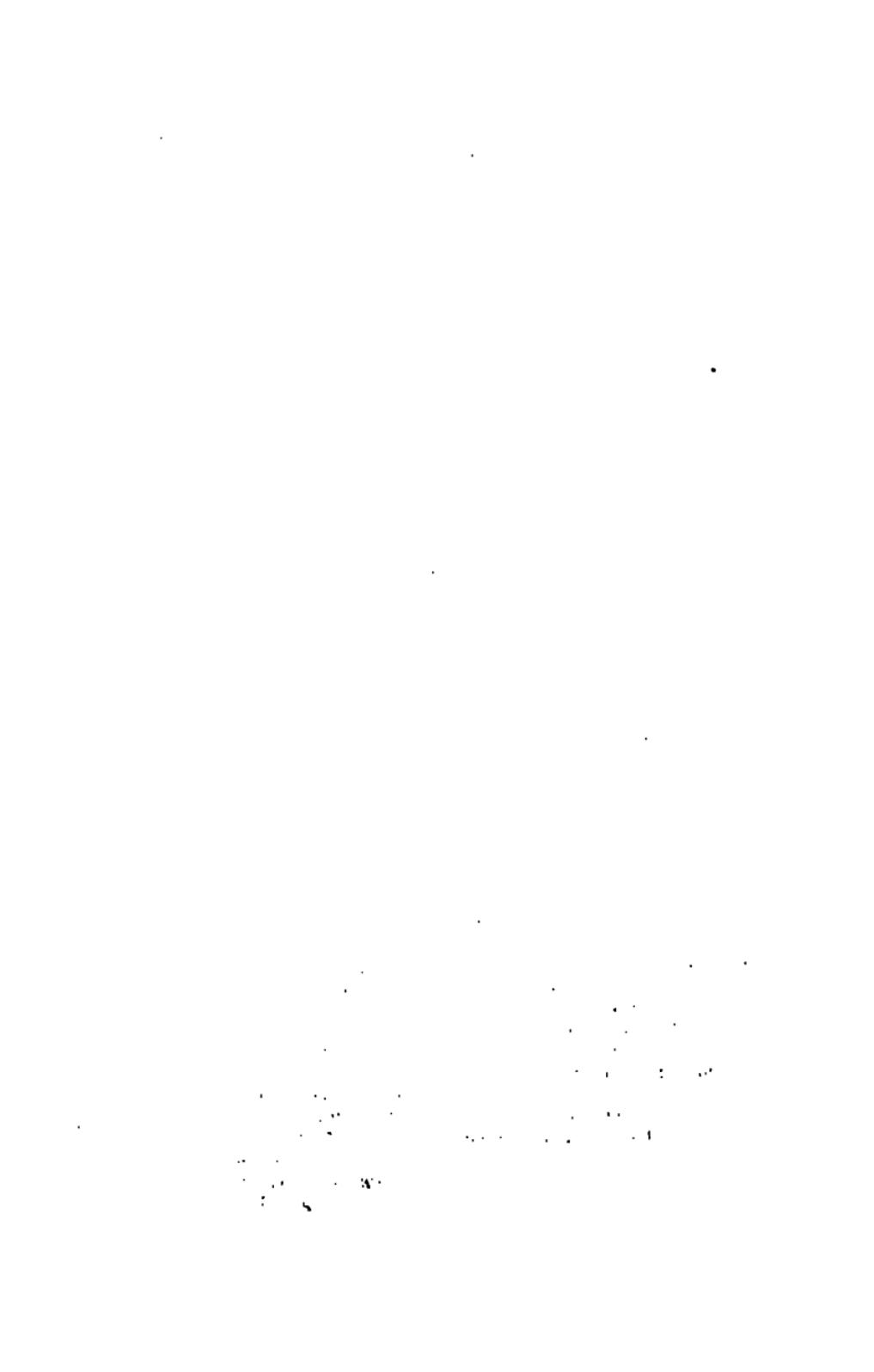
Hook—No. 8.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.
 Tip—Silver twist, light blue silk, and Ostrich.
 Body—Yellow silk, and red Pig's wool under the shoulder.
 Ribbed—Gold tinsel.
 Legs—Plain red Hackle.
 Throat—Guinea-Hen.
 Wing—(*Mixed in strands*) Golden Pheasant Tippet, Mallard,
 Teal, Guinea-Hen, Bustard, Green Parrot, Red Macaw,
 Golden Pheasant's tail, and Blue Kingfisher on each side
 of shoulder.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black Ostrich.

No. 15.—THE POPHAM.

(*A jointed Fly.*)

Hook—No. 7, or 8.
 Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.
 Tip—Silver twist and Ostrich.
 Body—Orange silk and gold twist, three turns of black Ostrich,
 four small red feathers from the red-breasted Crow of
 India. Yellow silk and gold twist, three turns of black
 Ostrich, four small red feathers from the red-breasted
 Crow of India. Blue silk and silver tinsel, three turns
 of black Ostrich, and four small red feathers from the
 red-breasted Crow of India.
 Wing—Mixed in strands, the same as preceding fly, No. 14.
 (N.B. A Golden Topping is sometimes used over all.)
 Throat—Jay Hackle.
 Horns—Blue Macaw.
 Head—Black.







THE CADOGAN.



THE TOM TICKLER.



THE POPHAM.



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No. 16.—THE DANDY.

(A jointed Fly.)

Hook—No. 8 or 9.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Silver twist.

Body—Pale green and silver twist, three turns of black Ostrich, dark blue Mohair, and two turns of Jay Hackle. Scarlet mohair and silver twist, three turns of a dyed scarlet Hackle, deep claret Pig's wool on the shoulder, and silver twist.

Throat—Black hackle, *dyed blue*.Wing—(Mixed in strands) Peacock harl and wing, Golden Pheasant tail, light mottled Turkey, and one blue feather from the *right* and *left* wing of the Jay.

Head—Brown mohair.

No. 17.—THE FAIRY.

Hook—No. 7 or 8.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Gold twist, yellow silk, and Ostrich.

Body—Lower half, orange silk; upper half, bright orange Pig's wool up to the shoulder.

Ribbed—Silver twist and black silk thread.

Legs—Light claret Hackle.

Throat—Jay's Hackle.

Wing—Four golden Toppings.

Head—Black Ostrich.

No. 18.—THE FLOWER OF KELSO.

Hook—No. 7, 8, or 9.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Gold twist, yellow silk, and Ostrich.

Body—Pale blue silk.

Ribbed—Gold tinsel and silver twist.

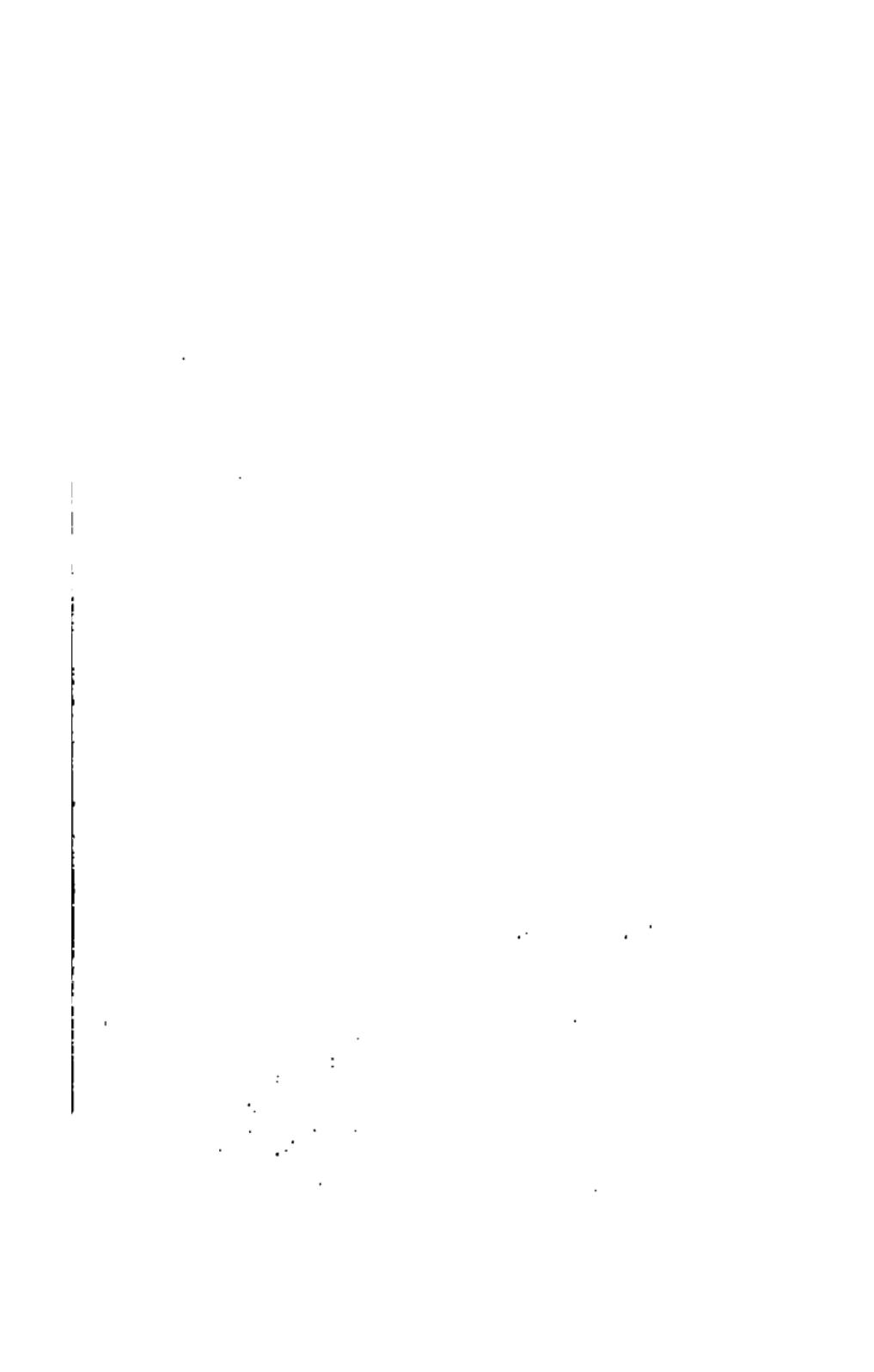
Legs—Jay's Hackle.

Wing—Four golden Toppings.

Horns—Blue Macaw.

Head—Black Ostrich.







16

THE FAIRY.



17

THE FAIRY.



18

THE FLOWER OF KELSO.





No. 19.—THE COLONEL.

Hook—No. 5.

Tail—Golden Pheasant.

Tip—Gold twist and yellow silk.

Body—Orange silk, and orange Pig's wool up to shoulder.

Ribbed—Silver tinsel, gold twist, and black silk.

Legs—Crimson Hackle (dyed).

Throat—Mottled Bustard.

Wing—Three golden Toppings, sprigged with Bustard, Golden
Pheasant tail, and Argus Pheasant.

Horns—Blue Macaw.

Head—Black Ostrich.



Illustrated by

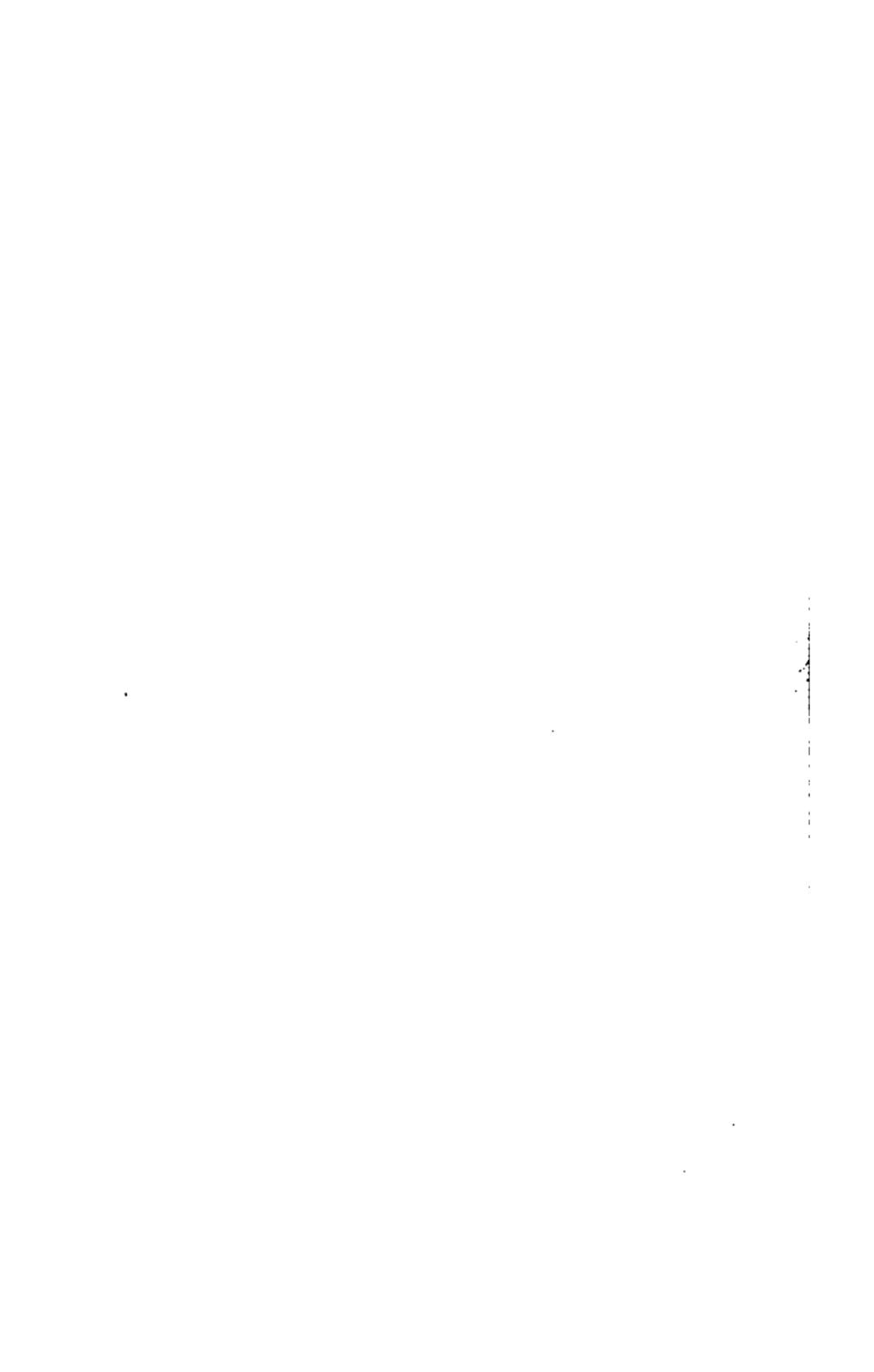
J. Alfred Hill

THE COLONEL.



12





No. 20.—THE MAJOR.

Hook—No. 5.

Tail—Golden Pheasant Topping.

Tip—Silver twist and crimson silk.

Body (In patches) Pale blue, orange, and claret Pig's wool, and
dark blue Pig's wool under the shoulder.

Legs—Claret hackle.

Throat—Guinea-Hen and Bustard.

Ribbed—Silver tinsel and gold twist.

Wing—Two Golden Pheasant Tippets, two claret Hackles, two
Snipe feathers, sprigged with Bustard and Argus
Pheasant feathers; two golden Toppings over ditto; a
dyed yellow Hackle surmounting the whole.

Head—Black Ostrich.

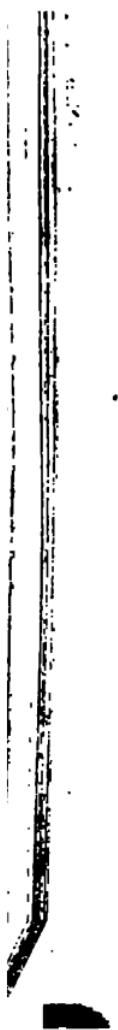
N.B.—These two flies, Nos. 19 and 20, the Yellow and the Red,
are known in Norway as the “Namsen Flies.”





THE MAJOR.





The Connoisseur in such matters will have remarked the frequent introduction of the Jay's feather in these flies. We can only account for this, in consequence of there being a "J" in every *Fjord* in Norway!!! We hope this explanation will be deemed satisfactory.

In all humility we crave the Reader's pardon for having permitted such an atrocious attempt at a pun to sully these pages, for which Miles's boy must be held responsible, and not ourselves. This fellow is for ever getting us into scrapes, and that hoary-headed sinner "The Old Fly" ought to be excommunicated for encouraging him. All we hope is, that Mr. Jones may not be the sufferer.

Our Traveller is now within some forty miles or so of Trondhjem, the second capital of Norway, and he will make it a point to visit it, if there were not the additional attraction of the Nid, and another River, of which we shall in the next chapter have occasion to speak—the Orke.

Giving the salmon in the Guul a fortnight's respite, we advise our Salmon-fisher to brush up his Carriole, gather together his traps, and start

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Bogen | to Roystad . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Roystad | „ Vellum . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 8 |
| Vellum | „ Leer . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Leer | „ Melhuus . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Melhuus | „ Ust . . . | 0 $\frac{3}{4}$ | 6 |
| Ust | „ Trondhjem . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 8 |

Trondhjem and its attractions will be duly noticed in the succeeding chapter. We have already exceeded our limits in the present one. All we can do then ere we close it is to advise our countryman to drive to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where he will receive every attention from Mrs. Neilson, who prides herself upon her knowledge of the English language.

Trondhjem is the head-quarters of the Nid Salmon-fishers. The River runs close to the City ; and we shall have much pleasure in conveying the best instructions in

our power as to the plan to be pursued towards securing good sport. While Chapter the Fifth is preparing for his perusal, and until the Reader turns over leaf, we will beg of him to carefully examine the collection of illustrated flies, and if he do not pronounce them "Gems" in their way, we know nothing of pictorial excellence.

CHAPTER V.

TRONDHJEM—THE CITY DESCRIBED—ITS CATHEDRAL AND FORTIFICATIONS—THE RIVER NID—SPORT TO BE MET WITH ON ITS BANKS—ROUTE TO THE ORKE GIVEN—THE VOYAGE BY LAND AND WATER FROM TRONDHJEM, BY THE ORKE TO THE ROMSDAL RIVER—RETURN TO TRONDHJEM—PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE FOR A VISIT TO THE NAMSEN.

TRONDHJEM, the second capital of Norway, may be called the City of the North, as Christiania is of the South. It contains a population of about 14,000 souls, and can boast of a very antique cathedral, where their Kings are crowned, a privilege of which the Natives are not a little proud. Trondhjem is defended by a fortification on a rock in the Fjord, called Munkolmen, which is deemed by the inhabitants as all *but impregnable*. We are of opinion, how-

ever, that one of our fifty-gun frigates might cause them to form a different opinion. The City may be said to be surrounded by the Nid, which flows at the base of its walls. We fear that the fishing in this river is not so good as it has been. The Natives, although not blest with the powers of invention, are not slow in copying from others ; they love to imitate every thing they see, and in the indulgence of this passion, (for it is one with them,) they have made rude copies of Salmon-flies, Rods, and Lines, with which they, most industriously, in season and out of season, thrash the Nid from morning till night, so that if they do not kill fish, they either drive the Salmon away, or render them so shy as effectually to mar the sport of a more experienced Angler. In all large cities there are Idlers and Poachers, and Trondhjem is not an exception to the rule, for it furnishes its quota of these marauders, who, there as elsewhere, sadly interfere with the legitimate professors of the

gentle Art. In spite of these annoyances, the angling tourist will be enabled to enjoy some very good fishing in the Nid early in the season.

There are two very beautiful Falls or Fosses at the several distances of four and six miles from the City. The lower one nearest Trondhjem presents an insurmountable barrier to the further progress of the salmon, and it is between this spot and the Town that the best sport is to be had. Under the most favorable circumstances, however, we have ever been of opinion that the Nid is very inferior to the Guul as regards the sport it affords; indeed we think that in this respect the Lougen has the advantage.

Several of our Countrymen, nevertheless, hold this river in great estimation; and it must be admitted that they have occasionally done great execution on its banks. The fish do not run so large here as in the Namsen or the Guul; the average weight may be set down at sixteen or seventeen

pounds, although salmon have been taken of twenty-five and thirty. The Scenery is transcendently beautiful, which will compensate in some degree for the paucity of fish, for every true Angler is a judge, if not an admirer of the Picturesque. Trondhjem, too, is not without its attractions; there are some most agreeable Families residing within its walls; and then the Girls, God bless them! We must not forget our fair friends. The ladies of Trondhjem are proverbially beautiful; they are in truth most bewitching creatures, and commit no slight havoc with the hearts of susceptible Swains who pay homage to their charms.

The Salmon-fisher's sojourn at Trondhjem will be regulated by the success he may have met with on the Nid and the invitations received from the hospitable inhabitants. He must however resist the temptation of pleasant society, and bethink him of the Orke, a River less frequented than most othres in Norway, but which has

undoubtedly some claims on the notice of the angling Tourist.

In leaving Trondhjem for the Orke, it must be borne in mind that this River has to be passed in proceeding across country, from that city to the Romsdal, so that, the exploring Fisherman, if he should not have proceeded thither from Christiania, as we have recommended, can stop here on his way. Once upon a time, the fishing was very good on the Orke, but the Natives themselves are doing all they can to ruin the River. They flog it unceasingly, and there are but two or three pools where, at the present moment, any good fish can be taken. These, the Angler's own experience and judgment will enable him to discover. But the Orke is not what it was, and we think that the Salmon-fisher will not be induced to remain beyond three or four days, if he have other sport in view. The Orke is not so much frequented by the Amateurs of the rod, as the Guul, *the Nid*, or the Namsen. So far this is an

advantage, and if the worthy Norwegians would not exercise their ingenuity by making crude imitations of our flies, they would not scare all the fish in the river, and mar our amusement.

But as the Orke is to be tried on the way to the Romsdal from Trondhjem, we will give the route. The country through which the Traveller will have to pass is of the wildest description, but very beautiful and bold, and grand in the extreme. The baggage-cart must be well laden with corned provisions, as well as wine and spirits for this journey; for the Stations throughout the distance are but ill-found with creature comforts. Provender of all kinds can be procured, and of excellent quality, at Trondhjem. The best shops for Yorkshire bacon and hams, corned beef, cheeses, &c., are those kept by the widow Lundgreens, and Mr. Jensen, the German Consul. The Customer will be well served at either of these establishments, and they will supply him capital wine, as well as

spirits. It will be well to arm the Forbud with the requisite number of tickets for the journey, and he should be sent off a couple of days before leaving Trondhjem. This is the route—

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Trondhjem | to Skjefstad . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ | 8 |
| Skjefstad | „ Hammer . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Hammer | „ Bye . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Bye | „ Fandrem . . . | 1 | 7 |

This Station is on the Orke, and the fishing commences here. With regard to permission, there will be no difficulty, provided the Angler enters into an arrangement with the Proprietors, as to sharing the fish with them, and, peradventure, a trifling bribe may be necessary occasionally. The first station up the river is Gumdal.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|-----------------|------------------|----------------|
| Fandrem | to Gumdal . . . | 1 $\frac{8}{9}$ | 9 |

This is a comfortable Station enough, and the accommodation passable, but provi-

sions very scarce. The best fishing is between Gumdal and Fandrem, and two miles below. The Salmon do not run very large ; they average about fifteen pounds, the best size for the table, at least we have ever found them so in Norway—very superior to the larger ones in delicacy and flavour. A few pots of curry paste, and a jar of curry powder, will be found very useful in giving variety to the fare. Rice can be procured any where—so that when the piscivorous Epicure is tired of boiled and fried salmon, he can amuse himself by dressing a Curry. If we have a failing, it is being inordinately fond of this Oriental dish, and having passed some few years in India, we may be pardoned for indulging in the predilection. As some of the Brotherhood may be of the same way of thinking, and hold in affection the suscitating compound, we will, for their especial benefit, give the very best receipt for curry powder that ever was known in England. It comes from an old Indian family, who,

for many years, were resident in Calcutta, and whose Curries, in Wimpole Street, were pronounced by all the "Qui Hi's" in the Metropolis to be the best they had ever tasted since they left the shores of Hindostan.

| | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------|
| Coriander Seed | 3oz. |
| Turmeric | 3oz. |
| Black Pepper | 1oz. |
| Mustard Seed | 1oz. |
| Best Jamaica Ginger | 1oz. |
| Allspice | $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. |
| Lesser Cardamoms | $\frac{1}{3}$ oz. |
| Cumin Seed | $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. |
| Fenugreck Seed | $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. |
| Cayenne Pepper | $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. |

The whole to be finely pounded, thoroughly sifted, kept closely corked, and in a dry place. This Recipe should be made up at Apothecaries Hall, where the drugs are fresher and better than any where else.

We confidently expect that Mr. Jones will set on foot a subscription for us towards the purchase of a piece of plate, in consequence of our having given this

invaluable receipt. We, therefore, throw ourselves on the liberality of a discerning Public, blessed with discriminating palates. But a truce to Gastronomy, return we to our route to the Romsdal. The Orke fished, we will continue our journey to the Romsdal—not one of the pleasantest.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Gumdal | to Garberg . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Garberg | „ Holten . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Holten | „ Aune . . . | 1 | 7 |

This is one of the best Stations on this line of country, and we advise the Traveller to put up here for the night. He, therefore, need not start from Gumdal until the afternoon.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|----------------|------------------|----------------|
| Aune | to Säter . . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Säter | „ Haamstad . . | 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 |
| Haamstad | „ Aasen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Aasen | „ Qvande . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Qvande | „ Stanvig . . | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 4 |

From Quande to Stanvig, the stage is performed by water in an open boat. The

Carriole is dismounted, the wheels taken off, and placed piece-meal in the boat. The vessels appointed by the government to convey the several passengers across the innumerable Fjords, are stout serviceable sea-boats, safe and commodious. The price charged for conveying them is very reasonable; it is regulated by a Tariff posted on each bank of the Fjord to be passed, so that imposition on the part of the boatmen is impossible. The Carrioles are so light, that they are easily shipped and unshipped; and the taking off of the wheels is the work of an instant. The Norwegians, however, are by no means *indefatigable* boatmen. "Slow and sure" is their motto, which they most religiously adhere to, and whenever the Sail can be resorted to, in go the oars, as they prefer taking things easily to any manual exertion. Arrived at the Station on the opposite bank of the Fjord, take boat again.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Stanvig | to Bolset | 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 5 |

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Milea. | English Miles. |
|----------|-----------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Bolset | , Bakken (By land.) | 0½ | 4 |
| Bakken | , Angvigen (By water.) | 0½ | 4 |
| Angvigen | , Heggen (By land.) | 0¾ | 6 |

This is a comfortable Station—the beds clean, and (for Norway) good. Coffee, butter, and milk, excellent; but the For-bud must be told *d'avance* where the Traveller intends stopping for the night on the road, in order that he may drop, *en passant*, a portion of the eatables and drink-ables he carries in the baggage-cart. Biscuits are indispensable; with these, some cold tongue or ham, washed down by a few glasses of sherry, and some “cold without,” the *Voyageur* ought to be well satisfied.

The next morning, start for the Romsdal.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Milea. | English Miles. |
|--------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Heggen | to Istad | 1 | 7 |
| Istad | , Eide | 0¾ | 6 |
| Eide | , Lönset | 1 | 7 |

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|--|---------------------|-------------------|
| Lönset | „ Molde 1 | 7 | |
| Molde | „ Strand 0 $\frac{7}{8}$ | 6 | |
| Strande | „ Dversnäs 0 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 2 | |
| | (N.B. The horse need not be changed here.) | | |
| Dversnäs | „ Sollesnäs 0 $\frac{5}{8}$ | 5 | |
| Sollesnäs | „ Alfarnäs 0 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 3 | |
| | (By water.) | | |
| Alfarnäs | „ Torvig 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ | 9 | |
| | (By land.) | | |
| Torvig | „ Verblungsnes 0 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 3 | |
| | (By water.) | | |

As we have before said, the fishing is very good here, and four or five miles above the Town better still, and the higher the Angler works up the Stream, the greater will be his sport. This principle may be set down as a general rule in all the Norwegian rivers. If the Traveller be inclined to vary his sport, he will find some diversified shooting in the neighbourhood. There are Rein-deer, Capercaillies, Hares, and Wild-ducks, and it is possible that he may encounter a Bear in his travels, if he should ramble a few miles inland.

We have thus given the two *Routes* to

the Romsdal, and as soon as our Brother of the Rod has satisfied himself as to the excellence of the river, we will beg of him to return to Trondhjem, where he will find more amusement in store for him. He must not leave the Romsdal, however, without trying some water about a Norwegian mile *below* Verblungsnæs. There is a very good Station there, and the Angler can take up his quarters for three or four days. *Early in the season*, these Stands are full of fish. The Salmon-fishing is attended by one excruciating misery, which, if not guarded against, entails endless misery on the Angler. We advise the Salmon-fisher to guard against the merciless blood-thirsty attacks of the mosquitoes, and other little damnable flies. These infernal enemies to repose and comfort assail in myriads the unprepared Stranger. We give an antidote, which a friend of ours found infallible in Canada, where these venomous insects are just as troublesome in the summer season. This is the nostrum:—Beat

well up in some hog's lard, oil, or spirits of Turpentine, and carry it to the River's side in a tin canister. Having well anointed the hands and wrists, apply the mixture to the face, ears, and throat. Tie a silk handkerchief from the top of the head, and turn it round the throat, fastening it well behind, to prevent the venomous wretches wriggling down your neck. On coming in contact with this fragrant concoction, the invaders will turn upon their backs, and give up the ghost—the unguent annihilates them effectually. This may not be quite so pleasant as some of the renowned Mr. Rowland's cosmetics ; but still it is preferable to the remedy applied by the natives—grease and tar. The hog's lard and turpentine can be easily washed off, and the temporary discomfort of enduring the aroma of this oleaginous compound is slight, compared with the torture inflicted by these inveterate stingers. We anticipate the thanks of every Norwegian Salmon-fisher for this wrinkle.

They may now bid defiance to the Musquitoes. Arrived once more at Trondhjem, the Enthusiast will probably be desirous of extending his tour. As the Alten, in Findmarken, is the latest of all the rivers in the North, he will, as a matter of course, take it the last. We are so wedded to the Namsen, that we may be pardoned for pre-supposing, that no Angler would omit visiting this glorious river, after having arrived so far north as Trondhjem. We shall shortly have occasion to mention one or two rivers well worthy of note, situated between Trondhjem and the Namsen, so that, if every Stand on this noble Stream should be engaged, capital sport can be had *en route*, and were it only to look upon the Namsen, and examine its gigantic Pools between Fiskum and Vie, he will not repent having devoted a couple of days to the inspection. At all events, if it be early in the season, he may kill a few fish below Vie, to say nothing of finding a portion of the water untenanted higher up.

If the idea of visiting the Namsen must be abandoned, or even while waiting for the Steam-boat to proceed from Trondhjem to the Alten, the Salmon-fisher need not be idle, for turning his back on the Nid, he can proceed across the Fjord, about two Norwegian, or fourteen English, miles, to Ridsen. From Ridsen, he will skirt down the shore in a boat, to a River which is very little known, and we ourselves have forgotten its name, but it is full of fish. We have had wonderful sport on this stream, and it is, in every sense of the word, well worth visiting. The name of this River, and any further information respecting it, can be obtained at the Hôtel d'Angleterre in Trondhjem.

Whether the whole of the Fishing Stands on the Namsen be engaged or otherwise, we will give the *Route*: Firstly, because we are of opinion that no one should go to Norway without visiting this Stream, and, Secondly, because there are one or two very good rivers on the way, which are

deserving of being fished. If any one of our Readers should be so fortunate as to secure any portion of the Namsen water he will do well to send up a good store of provisions from Trondhjem—a sufficient quantity to last him for six weeks. The best plan would be to forward these by water to Spillum or Hund, whence they will be conveyed by cart to the Station nearest this Fishing-ground.

Taking it for granted that all the requisite arrangements have been made—the Forbud despatched *d'avance*—let the Piscator “buckle on his armour,” that is, strap his salmon and trout-rods to the shafts of his Carriole, and depart for the Land of Promise, followed by his Native servant,

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Trondhjem | to Hougan . . . | 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ | 10 |
| Hougan | „ Hell . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |

Notwithstanding the awful appellation

of this Station, (which, by the way, we have given correctly, although some of the maps and road-books print it *Heel*,) the Traveller must not be deterred from taking up his quarters here for a day or more, as there is a capital little river close to this Post-house, called the Stordal. There are plenty of fish in this water, and the Salmon-fisher should not leave it until he has tried the pools with which it abounds for a distance of several miles upwards. The salmon run from fifteen to twenty pounds in weight, and we have occasionally caught them much heavier. This is one of our pet rivers, and we never pass it without having a week's fishing, and sometimes we remain a fortnight or more, for we have never found the Station *too hot* for us. But we have another River a little further on which we hold equally in affection, and which, if fished *high enough*, we think even superior to the Stordal. We shall come to it presently—let us, therefore, resume our journey—

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Hell | to Fordbord . . . | 1 | 7 |
| (A ferry is crossed, about a quarter of an English mile broad from Station to Station, the rest of the distance by land.) | | | |
| Fordbord | to Vaardalen . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Vaardalen | „ Hammer . . . | 0½ | 4 |
| Hammer | „ Haave, or Hov . | 1 | 7 |
| Hov | „ Thynäs . . . | 1 | 7 |

This is a very good Station—beds better than usual; and as the Traveller will be very comfortable, we recommend him to take up his quarters here for the night. About one mile on the Trondhjem side of Thynäs, you pass through the little town of Levanger, but horses are only changed at the Station. This town was destroyed by fire in 1846, and the Inn had not been rebuilt last year. It is beginning to thrive again; and by this time we should say that trade has revived. This is the nearest town to the Namsen, and in the event of provisions running short, or the supplies should not have arrived by sea from Trondhjem, both eatable and drinkables can

be procured from Levanger, as well as crockery, hardware, and kitchen-furniture, with which the houses at the several Stations on the Namsen are but scantily furnished.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|--------|----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Thynäs | to Holme . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |

Between Thynäs and Holme, a small River, about three hundred yards wide, is crossed. There are some Salmon in it, and it is worth fishing. The name of this river is the Vardall, and good sport is to be had on it in July. The next, however, is the river *par excellence*, and we are coming to it. The next stage is

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Holme | to Roske . . . | 1 | 7 |
| (N.B. There is a small Lake near Roske where good Trout are taken.) | | | |
| Roske | „ Steenkjar . . . | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ |

Here we are at Steenkjar, and the Ougndal is the river we have alluded to. There is good fishing near the Station, but

it improves higher up. About ten miles from Steenkjar, is a little place called Hammer, which affords very tolerable accommodation to the angler; and let him proceed upwards *as far as he can go*, at every step as he advances his sport will be increased. The Ougndal is, in every sense of the word, an excellent River; and were we not so partial to the Namsen, we should not think of going further Northward. The Namsen stands *per se* in our estimation as a Salmon river; and the wonderful sport we have met with for several seasons, will account for its being our head quarters in Norway.

None but a downright piscatorial glutton, who will not be content unless he kill his two hundred-weight of fish a day, would find fault with the sport to be met with on the banks of the Ougndal—it is as prolific a stream as any Brother of the Rod of moderate ambition need wish to wet a line in. Next to the Guul, (the Namsen is out of the question,) it is one of the best

Rivers in Norway. Only share the fish with the proprietors, and distribute some dollars amongst a few of them, and the Salmon-fisher may enjoy his fun uninterrupted. Having said enough in praise of this lovely Stream to induce our Countrymen to visit it, we will move on towards that Queen of Rivers, the Namsen. Having returned from the fishing-station at Hammer, to Steenkjar, we proceed

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Steenkjar | to Ostvig | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |
| Ostvig | „ Elden | 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ | 10 |
| Elden | „ Overgaard | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |

This is the best station on the road to stop at—the beds and accommodation very tolerable; but there will be a scarcity of provisions. Therefore, look to the Commissariat. The Piscator's servant, if he be an experienced hand, will take care that the Forbud leaves, at each resting-place, certain portions of the good things under his charge in the baggage-cart. The ham-

pers must be looked to, or the Traveller will starve.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|-----------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Overgaard | to Bangsund . . . | 2 | 14 |

This is a long and very heavy stage. Before arriving at Bangsund, a Fjord is crossed, about a quarter of an English mile broad. A fresh horse procured, start

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Bangsund | to Spillum | 1 | 7 |

This Station is at the mouth of the Namsen. In the event of the hampers getting low, they can be replenished at Namsjosen, a little town that has lately sprung up on the opposite side of the river. Cross by boat from Spillum, and having purchased the requisite solids and fluids, which are to be had at Namsjosen of very fair quality, recross the river, and push on

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|---------|-----------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Spillum | to Hund | 1½ | 9 |

Between Spillum and Hund, a Ferry has
o 2

to be crossed, Spillum being on the east, and Hund on the west, side of the river. The next stage is

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|--------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|
| Hund | to Haugen | 1 | 7 |
| Haugen | „ Vie | 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ | 9 |

Between Haugen and Vie, the Namsen must be crossed, by Ferry, twice, as there is not any direct line of road between the two Stations.

The fishing on the Namsen may be said to commence at Vie; and, as we have already observed, *early in the season*, as the fish are making their way up the river, very fair sport may be had *for about a fortnight*, without interfering with the Dons who may have been so fortunate as to secure the whole of the water from Fiskum Foss, downward. We will, however, conduct our countryman up to Fiskum, where he may take up his quarters at the Minimum House, whence he can stroll down *à pied*, and examine each pool and bend of the river, which will present a

coup d'œil such as he little dreams of; and to the enthusiastic Angler this matchless stream will offer attractions that will rivet his attention, and give rise to emotions that none but a real lover of the gentle art can understand.

We should be sorry to tantalise any Brother of the Rod by sending him to inspect a Salmon-river on which he would not be permitted to throw a line. This would be a refinement upon cruelty; but we think he might take the *chance* of finding one of the portions disengaged and be afforded an opportunity of entering into some arrangement, if not for the present, at all events for *next* year, and having surveyed the beauties of the noble River, he might betake himself to Vie, and try his luck for a stray fish or so, 'ere he returned to the Ougndal, the Stordal, the Nid, and the Guul.

We will, before pointing out the best Stands and Pools on the Namsen, give the route up to the Minimum House.

| From | Stations. | Norwegian Miles. | English Miles. |
|----------|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| Vie | to Fossland . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Fossland | „ Gartland . . . | 1 | 7 |
| Gartland | „ Fiskum . . . | 1 | 7 |

At Fiskum is the celebrated Foss or Fall, and a very magnificent one it is. This truly beautiful sheet of water, falling from a perpendicular height of 150 feet, adds in no slight degree to the sublimity of the surrounding scenery. It is justly accounted one of the finest Fosses in Norway; and we can bear testimony to its grandeur and its beauty. We know of nothing equal to it in the country, and whether viewed from the rocky Precipice above or the Boat beneath the fall, it will be contemplated with mingled feelings of astonishment and delight. If the salmon-fisher do not think it *infra dig.* to use his Trout-rod occasionally, he, being at the Minimum House, can amuse himself very profitably by strolling up the River from the larger to the lesser Foss, a distance of about two English miles. This water is full of Trout, varying from

one to three and four pounds. No doubt the visitor to the Namsen would say, "Why think of Trout where there are so many Salmon in this Queen of Rivers?" True; but if the Visitor on arriving there should happen to find every portion of the River rented, he may, lacking better amusement, take to his Trout-rod and kill time and fish by way of a *pis aller*. But let him not leave Fiskum without exploring every inch of the river from the Foss down to Vie. We envy him his feelings on beholding for the first time the Fiskum Pool and turbulent waters, the Boat Pool, the Pool opposite Rossæter, the Jartland Pool, the Lokke Gar, the Fossland Reach, the Gorge, the Ferry Pool, the Grong Reach opposite Grong, and the Spækkan Pool near Moe.

Should any one of our Countrymen have the good fortune to secure a mile or two of Water, we advise him, or them, to win the affections of the Namsen boatmen. They will be found, *if liberally treated*, civil and obliging, and as the boat must be resorted

to for the Namsen fishing, it will be found good policy to stand well in their good graces. A judicious distribution of the fish, and a dollar given whenever a salmon is taken above a certain weight, and a few drams out of the black bottle after any extra exertion, or when the weather is stormy, will insure their good-will and hearty co-operation. There are plenty of boats on the Namsen, and the men who own and work them are superior to the Boatmen who ply at the different Fjords. They row well and with good will, and are extremely dexterous in the management of their frail barks down the tortuous Rapids of this impetuous Stream. No Stranger should think of renting more than two miles of water, for the Boatmen entertain an idea that this is the maximum of space for a Salmon-fisher. Two friends renting a greater distance, would of necessity require a second boat, so that it will be seen that the Namsenians are feelingly alive to their own interest. These hardy Boatmen there-

fore would rather see their River tenanted by half-a-dozen anglers, than one or two who wished to hire the whole to themselves.

We will, to show the nature and extent of the sport to be had on this splendid river, give an extract from the diary of a friend of ours, who was on the Namsen in the year 18—. We eschew dates and names, but we may remark that the Season here recorded was the very worst upon record ; the weather was intensely hot, and the water unusually low. We will not even trust ourselves to say in which portion of the river, or the identical spot whence the fish were abstracted ; suffice it to remark that the Salmon so taken were from the Namsen, and the fortunate Captor one of the most experienced and accomplished Anglers that ever threw a fly. We have copied the following interesting details from his notebook. Some equally authentic memoranda relating to his wonderful piscatorial exploits have unfortunately been mislaid, or

rather we should say the Portmanteau in which they were deposited has not seen the light for some time, otherwise this extract would sink into insignificance if compared with other performances in other years by this finished Professor of the Art Piscatorial.

| Date. | No. of Fish. | Weight of each Fish. | Observations. | Total weight of Fish. |
|---------|--------------|---------------------------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| June 19 | 7 | 31, 19, 16, 18, 21, 23, 27 lbs. | Water falling rapidly | 155 |
| " 20 | 4 | 15, 22, 15, 23 | Sunday | — |
| " 21 | 4 | 25, 29, 22, 18 | Water stationary | 75 |
| " 22 | 4 | 29, 22 | Water falling, and timber floating | 94 |
| " 23 | 2 | 28, 13, 21 | Water stationary—timber floating | 51 |
| " 24 | 3 | 20, 26 | Water falling—timber floating | 62 |
| " 25 | 2 | 7, 24, 25, 25, 22, 15 | Ditto ditto ditto ditto | 46 |
| " 26 | 6 | 5, 18, 20, 13, 15, 16 | Sunday | 118 |
| " 27 | 6 | 33 | Water falling—timber floating | — |
| " 28 | 1 | 19, 21 | Ditto ditto ditto ditto | 87 |
| " 29 | 2 | 4, 17, 22, 5, 14, 16, 5 | Ditto ditto ditto ditto | 33 |
| " 30 | 2 | 25, 4, 24, 5, 15, 5, 4 | Did not fish—blew a gale | 40 |
| July 1 | 7 | 12, 5, 28, 13 | Rain—timber floating | — |
| " 2 | 7 | 4, 26 | Rain and storm | 83 |
| " 3 | 7 | 19, 12 | Sunday | 82 |
| " 4 | 4 | 25, 31, 39, 24, 20 | A Seal in the River | — |
| " 5 | 4 | 22 | Rain. Water rising—timber floating | 58 |
| " 6 | 2 | 30, 5 | Water falling | 30 |
| " 7 | 2 | 30 | Water falling | 31 |
| " 8 | 5 | 22 | Water falling—timber floating | 139 |
| " 9 | 1 | 30 | Water falling—timber floating | 22 |
| " 10 | 2 | 35 | Water low | 35 |
| " 11 | 2 | — | Sunday | — |
| | | | Carried forward, lbs. | 1241 |

| Date. | No. of Fish. | Weight of each Fish. | Observations. | Total weight of Fish. |
|------------------|--------------|---|--|-----------------------|
| Br. over July 12 | 67 | 5, 17, 33, 19, 15, 14, 7. | Water very low | 1241 |
| " 13 | 7 | 13, 18 | Ditto, ditto, ditto | 110 |
| " 14 | 2 | 21 | Water still falling | 81 |
| " 15 | 1 | 22, 6, 5 | | 21 |
| " 16 | 3 | 25, 4, 5, 6, 12 | | 33 |
| " 17 | 5 | 15, 4. | | 52 |
| " 18 | 2 | 18, 24 | Sunday | 19 |
| " 19 | 2 | 12, 4, 5, 4, 6 | Counted 59 Fish jumping in the Pool | 42 |
| " 20 | 5 | 33 | | 31 |
| " 21 | 1 | 5, 6 | | 33 |
| " 22 | 2 | 5, 6 | | 11 |
| " 23 | . | . | { 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th, no fishing—weather hot—water low— Water rising } | — |
| " 29 | 4 | 16, 23, 5, 6 | | 50 |
| " 30 | 1 | 5 | | 5 |
| " 31 | 8 | 24, 22, 30, 21, 23, 20, 25 | Water still rising | 185 |
| August 1 | 2 | 10, 19, 5, 22, 4, 28, 21, 26, 5, 32, 19 | Sunday. | — |
| " 2 | 10 | 21, 13, 6. | Water in good order | 181 |
| " 3 | 3 | 23, 4 | Water in good order | 40 |
| " 4 | 2 | 17, 13 | Water falling | 27 |
| " 5 | 2 | . | Water falling | 30 |
| " 6 | . | . | Not a rise—too hot | — |
| | | | Carried forward, lbs. | 2142 |

| Date. | No. of Fish. | Weight of each Fish. | Observations. | Total weight of Fish. |
|---|--------------|--------------------------------------|---|-----------------------|
| Brt. over August 7 | 127 | 17 lbs. | Water low | 2142 |
| " 8 | 1 | . | Sunday | 17 |
| " 9 | . | . | Rose two—killed none | — |
| " 10 | 10 | 20, 27, 19, 24, 32, 30, 14, 11, 5, 4 | Water rather low | 186 |
| " 11 | 2 | 21, 4 | Water very low | 25 |
| " 12 | 2 | 23, 13 | Ditto | 36 |
| " 13 | 2 | 15, 4 | The last day—and by way of a wind-up the fifteen-pound fish, upon being hooked, jumped into the boat, and to prevent its escape, the Attendant was obliged to lay upon it before the Salmon was killed | 19 |
| Salmon and Grilse killed on the Namsen between the 19th June and 13th August, 18—, by Mr. _____. | | | | — |
| Total | 144 | | Total weight of Salmon taken on the Namsen, between the 19th of June and 13th of August, 18—, by Mr. _____. | Ibs. 2425 |

It will thus be seen that one hundred and forty-four fish, weighing on the aggregate, two thousand four hundred and twenty-five pounds were taken, under most disadvantageous circumstances. This sum total, large as it may seem, has been nearly doubled in more favorable Seasons, and the same intrepid Angler has outdone himself on the Alten, a river in Findmarken, of which we shall make honorable mention in the next Chapter. Towards the end of the Season, some friends of ours—or rather, shall we say, *a friend of ours*, has a regular jollification, and, on a certain day, early in the month of August, 18—, hearing of a knot of jolly Anglers who had taken up their quarters at Trondhjem, he forthwith, despatched a Courier for them. They were on the point of departing for the South, but the invitation to the Namsen was irresistible. Most willingly and joyfully did they obey the hospitable summons. Forthwith they started *en Carriole*, preceded by two baggage-carts laden with

potations of all sorts, and every kind of edible, ordered by the embryo Host from the stores of the Trondhjem Merchants.

The meeting was a joyous one, and after the day's fishing, the evenings were devoted to mirth, feasting, and song. Home, friends, (male and female,) Operas, Theatres, and all other London amusements, were duly canvassed, as the period for revisiting the native shores approached. On the last day of the Season, our Friend, who was accompanied in his Boat by one of his Guests, a romantic Youth, addicted to poetry (and fishing) had been humming the air of the well-known song in the "School for Scandal,"—for they had been discoursing of Farren, Vestris, Mrs. Nisbett, and a host of well-known Metropolitan *artistes*. "Come, old fellow, it's time to reel up and go back to the house," said the Host. "One more throw, and I'm your man," rejoined his companion, and as the Fly fell on the water, he carolled forth the

following *impromptu*, to the air our friend had previously sung.

The hospitable Host was so pleased with the extempore effusion, that he insisted on having a Copy, which, with great reluctance, the *Improvisatore* complied with, and to the kindness of our friend, we are indebted for the words, which we transcribe—

“ Here’s to the Namsen, of Rivers the Queen,
Now to her Boatmen so thrifty;
Here’s to the Salmon of pounds just fifteen,
Though we’d rather hook one that weighs fifty

CHORUS. (*Bis.*)

The Season is past, this throw is the last,
I’ll warrant ’twill prove an excuse for the Cast.

“ In Spring this fine Stream is discolor’d by Snow,
Then the Angler’s disconsolate—very;
But the Water once fine, he forgets all his woe,
He kills lots of fish, and is merry.

CHORUS. (*Bis.*)

The Season is past, this throw is the last,
I’ll warrant ’twill prove an excuse for the Cast.’

“ Here’s to B—— who’s the boy to play fish of good size,
 Here’s to him who can rarely catch one, Sir ;
 Here’s to the Muff who can scarce get a rise,
 And to him who works all day for none, Sir.

CHORUS. (*Bis.*)

The Season is past, this throw is the last,
 I’ll warrant ’twill prove an excuse for the Cast.

“ For let them be Salmon, or let them be Peal,
 So long as they take silk and feather ;
 The music we love is the “ click ” of the Reel,
 So as Sportsmen we’ll toast them together.

CHORUS. (*Bis.*)

The Season is past, this throw is the last,
 I’ll warrant ’twill prove an excuse for the Cast.

It so happened, that the last throw *did* kill a splendid fish of six-and-twenty pounds, as a finale to the season of 18—on the Namsen.

Most reluctantly was the boat’s head turned to the shore—the two friends returned to the log-hut, and with the two other guests, made a night of it.

On the following morning they were up betimes, and bade farewell to the glorious

Namsen, until the following year. The string of Carrioles, with their solitary occupants, started for Trondhjem, and astonished the natives by their boisterous merriment *en route*. They reached the city in safety, and arrived at their several homes in due season, where we must leave them. We hope to be pardoned for this digression, and before we close the Chapter, we will merely recommend the Traveller, if he have not an opportunity of remaining on the Namsen, to fish his way back to Trondhjem, trying, for the second time, the streams we have recommended, and by the time he has recovered from the effects of his retrograde journey, we hope he will be prepared to accompany us to the Alten, the resources of which distant river, will be pointed out in the course of the next and last Chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN TO TRONDHJEM—DEPARTURE BY STEAM-BOAT
DOWN THE TRONDHJEM FJORD TO KAAFJORD, NEAR THE
COPPER WORKS ON THE ALTEN—VOYAGE DESCRIBED—
NUMEROUS STOPPAGES ALONG THE COAST—PICTURESQUE
SCENERY—HERDS OF TAME REINDEER—TROMSÖE—
EIDER DUCKS IN THE FJORDS—PTARMIGAN—THE REISEN,
AN UNEXPLORED RIVER—TALVIG—HOSPITABLE RECEP-
TION—BOSSEKOP—MADAME KLERK—SNUG QUARTERS—
KAAFJORD—QUAINANGEN — THE ALTEN DESCRIBED—
THE TANA RIVER—CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS.

UPON the long-established and very excellent principle of keeping the best wine until the last, and giving a guest the choicest bottle in the cellar ere he depart, we have reserved the description of our favourite river, the Namsen, as a *bonne bouche*. It is in truth a noble stream ; and so think the full-grown elders of the Salmon

tribe, for thither do they congregate in shoals, to the edification and immeasurable delight of the enthusiastic Angler. We hope, in all sincerity, that some few of our Readers may be afforded an opportunity for testing the merits of the Namsen very shortly, when they will find that we have not praised it without just reason. We have reason to believe that there will be a vacancy *this* year—that is, a portion of the water will be in the market; and there is a probability that another Renter will retire from the scene of his exploits, in which case, some of the best fishing on the river can be secured for the season 1849. This is but conjecture, still we have good grounds for believing that one of the Monopolists is about to accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

Having conducted our Reader to the Namsen, the last, though not the least, in our list of Norwegian rivers, we will proceed to give the *route* to the Alten, a river in Finmarken, and one well worthy of

being recorded in these pages. It has been visited but by few of our Countrymen, the distance having doubtless deterred the majority of angling Tourists from extending their journey to so high a latitude. None but an intrepid and determined Brother of the Rod would undertake the voyage ; and of a verity it requires some resolution to encounter the difficulties with which the Tourist's path is beset in the wilds of Finmarken. But where are the difficulties that a thorough-bred British Sportsman will not overcome ? “ *Veni, vidi, vici,*” is his motto, and we have the pleasure of knowing one who acts up to this venerable adage to the letter. He has paid more than one visit to the Alten, and has committed sad havoc with the finny tribe. All the Namsen flies are adapted to the Alten ; those named “ the Butcher,” “ the Baker,” and “ the Doctor,” will be found very destructive. The gentleman we have alluded to killed, in two days, in the Stone Pool on this river, sixty-five salmon. On

the first day, thirty-two fish, weighing 517 pounds ; and on the second, thirty-three fish, weighing 535 pounds, making a total of one thousand and fifty-two pounds. Such is the sample of sport to be met with on the Alten. The late Mr. Matthews, who was unfortunately drowned on his return home from Mexico, acquired no little celebrity on this noble River by reason of his skill. He was among the first of our Countrymen who threw a line on this water, and he soon discovered its surpassing excellence. The sport he met with, if report speak truly, was absolutely marvellous. By all accounts, he was not only an intrepid but a finished professor of the gentle art. The feats he performed with his rod have immortalised his name, and he will long be remembered by the Inhabitants of Bossekop and Kaafjord as the the most accomplished fly-fisher, and the kindest, most generous, and gentlemanly Stranger that ever visited their unfrequented shores. In the hope, therefore,

of being enabled to hold out sufficient inducements to the Norwegian traveller to explore this wild territory, we will give the route from Trondhjem to Bossekop, and to those who have no objection to steaming along shore, the trip offers attractions of a varied and interesting character.

A visit to the Alten involves an outlay for provender. We therefore recommend the Traveller to pay a visit to Mr. Jensen the German Consul,, or the widow Lundgreens, either of whom will supply a very satisfactory hamper or two from their well-furnished Stores. There are not any hotels on the Alten.

A Steamer leaves Trondhjem once a week for Hammerfest in Finmarken, stopping at the intervening principal Towns, Villages, and Stations on the wild and romantic coast. The voyage is a delightful one, and the gratification it affords is enhanced in no slight degree by the certainty of excellent sport on arriving

at Bossekop, the nearest point to the Alten.

The length of the Trondhjem Fjord to the open sea is about thirty miles, during the whole of which distance the scenery is excessively beautiful; the run through the islands is one of the most diversified and picturesque in Norway. If the Traveller should prefer amusing himself with his rifle or gun, he can find plenty of occupation in shooting at the Seals and wild Fowl, while running down the Fjord or along the coast. Innumerable flocks of Eider will be found in the Fjords, but they are not allowed to be shot out of season, as the Down is too valuable to be wasted. We have said that the Steamer stops at the several towns, villages, and stations along the coast; this occurs on the average about four times a-day. The first place of note is Bodöe, the principal town of the district, to which the inhabitants bring their saleable commodities. The second large town is Tromsöe, and a very extraordinary one

it is. It is built entirely of wood, and skirts the shore. A very extensive and flourishing trade is carried on in Tromsöe, principally in Walrus oil, and a vast variety of skins. It boasts also of some very large stores, built upon piles. These Storehouses are hung full of dried fish of different kinds ; in short, it is a very thriving place. Tromsöe divides Finmarken from Nordland, but it belongs, we believe, properly, to Nordland, although the Fins claim it as their own. The Boat stops here for twenty-four hours, during which the Traveller will have time to ramble a few miles inland and kill Ptarmigan. Between Bodöe and Tromsöe there are several stations at most of which the Steam-boat stops. Taken altogether, this is one of the most interesting trips we have ever undertaken in the country ; the attention is ever kept alive and the mind diverted. There is a constant succession of novelties, and not the least remarkable of the objects of curiosity is the different

and rapidly changing hues of the water through which the steam-boat glides; the sea is so perfectly clear,—transparent indeed,—that the most minute objects can be distinctly seen at a depth of some fathoms from the bottom; and as the soundings vary, so does the water assume a different tinge—a perfect liquid rainbow. The Ptarmigan-shooting affords capital sport all the way along the coast, and an active knight of the trigger, during the hour or two that the boat stops at each Station, can without any difficulty kill his eight or ten brace.

On an island in the Fjord, behind Tromsöe, there is also excellent Ptarmigan-shooting; but, as it is private property, permission must be asked for; but it is needless to add, it will be most readily granted. The enterprising Salmon-fisher, he who seeks adventures, and delights in exploring, will not be sorry to learn, that we have an *untried* river in store for him, and one, if report speak truly, that bids fair to rival the Namsen and the Alten.

It is from forty to fifty English miles from Tromsöe, about a day's sail—for the days are long in these latitudes—in an open boat. This river is called the "Reisen," and from information we have received, from a source which cannot be questioned, we can take upon ourselves to predict, that the Reisen will, before two more seasons have passed away, become as celebrated as any of the streams for which Norway and Finmarken are so justly renowned. We have been told by some friends, who are well acquainted with the locality, and on whose veracity we can place implicit confidence, that this River is swarming with fish; that the Salmon run very large; and, moreover, that the Stands, Pools, and Casts, are easy of access. Carlsöe is the next town at which the steamer stops, and in the immediate neighbourhood the very best Ptarmigan-shooting is to be had. We have, on more than one occasion, fired until our barrels were all but red hot. A keen sportsman might take up his quarters

here, and wait for the succeeding boat, and after slaughtering the Ptarmigan until his dogs and himself cry, "Hold, enough," he can proceed to the maiden river, the Reisen, as the distance is rather less from Carlsöe than Tromsöe. There is very good accommodation at the inn at Carlsöe, and a boat, with expert rowers, can be hired in the event of the Angler wishing to test the merits of this unknown river, the Reisen. We mean to try our luck, on our way to the Alten this year, and should we be the first Englishman to have the good fortune to wet a line on its waters, we will, should this little volume find favor in the eyes of our brother Sportsmen, give, on our return, a full, true, and particular account of our success, together with other little adventures connected with stalking the Red Deer, and Rein-Deer shooting, which may have befallen us in our peregrinations, and which we propose to publish in a more expensive, as well as extensive form, with illustrations, in the spring of 1849. The

next Town at which the Steamer will stop is "Talvig,"—the very name of which conjures up recollections of a most pleasurable kind; for at Talvig dwells one of the kindest-hearted, and most hospitable Beings that ever welcomed a Stranger on a Foreign Strand. He is the Prince of good-fellows. He holds our Countrymen in affection, and the Sportsman is sure of a hearty welcome beneath his roof. Some of the happiest hours of our existence have been passed with our Talvig friend, and we hope, 'ere long, to blow a cloud with him, and pledge him in a jorum of "cold without."

From Talvig, we must push on to Bossekop, where the Salmon-fisher, proceeding to the Alten, will leave the Steam-boat, and take up his quarters at the comfortable Inn, kept by our obliging hostess, Madame Klerk. He will be taken every care of by the worthy Landlady. At Bossekop, the Angler is within two miles of the Alten; but before he throws a fly

on the River, we should recommend his crossing the Fjord to Kaafjord, where the Superintendants, and other gentlemen, at the head of the extensive copper-works, reside; and if he should be the bearer of one or more letters of introduction, he will do well to present them, as his *séjour* in these parts will then be rendered still more agreeable.

But under any circumstances the stranger is certain of meeting with a kind and hospitable reception, for the gentlemen at Kaafjord are all Sportsmen, and greet a Brother of the Angle as one of themselves, and afford him every facility in furtherance of his sport. Arrived at Bossekop, then, let the Fisherman rise betimes, cross the Fjord to Kaafjord, and wait upon the gentlemen there residing; every information will be freely afforded him, and in all probability he will be advised to try a little stream at Quainangen, not far from Kaafjord, where some good fish are occasionally to be found. As this

Rivulet, for it is little more, is the pet stream of the residents on the copper-works, whose avocations will not admit of their sparing time for fishing on the Alten, the Angler had better return to Bossekop and proceed to the Alten, as we are about to direct. The Alten is the principal attraction, and to this noble River there is an excellent road, or rather foot-path, of about two miles. This will lead to the Ferry, some three or four hundred yards above which there is a Cast, which, late in the season, is full of fish. The earliest fishing is in a Cast under, or rather opposite to, a spot the Englishmen at the copper-works have christened "Primrose Hill." This is the first and safest place to try; the next is higher up, and the Boat must be resorted to; in this portion of the River, however, rowing is all but impracticable; poles are then in requisition, and the operation is termed "sticking" up the river. The boats on the Alten are smaller, lighter, and consequently more crank than those

used on the Namsen; the fisherman, therefore, must have his wits about him, and *sit* fast, if his hands are too much occupied to *hold* fast. If the Salmon should not have reached the upper Pool by the time the Angler arrives at the Alten, let him, after ascertaining the fact at the "Stone" or "Thomas's Pool," proceed some six or seven hundred yards higher up. The Piscator will there meet with a strong stream running into this Pool. This confluence is called "The Sessions." The title has been conferred by Mr. Thomas of Kaafjord, in consequence of the Fish congregating at this point as if holding a consultation or "Divan" as to the expediency of remaining in the larger River or running up the Tributary. In this said Tributary there are legions of fine Trout—the Stream is absolutely swarming with them; we have taken bushels of them. The Fly-fisher therefore can pass his time very pleasantly until the larger fry claim his attention.

We have fished the Alten, we were going to say from one end to the other, and in order to command sport (and no one would visit it unless determined to do so) the Salmon-fisher must rough it. The plan is to boat it up the river, carrying Reindeer skins, a Dreadnought, a Scotch plaid, and an axe; neither should the brandy-flask be forgotten. Begin, then by, going up the River about eight in the evening, and fishing every Pool; the fish will cease to rise about midnight. Reel up, and proceed to the spot where operations are to be recommenced in the morning. The Boatmen and Attendant will then light a fire, and cut birch boughs, which they will convert into a sort of Wigwam. Cover these over with the Rein-deer skins. Lay down with the head to the wind and feet to the fire. One of the Boatmen must keep watch, and the moment the Fish begin to rise in the morning, up and at them. This is the surest method of getting sport; it is the plan we invariably adopt.

and we have met with great success. We do not travel so many hundred miles for nothing, neither are we idle when arrived at our journey's end. The Alten is a splendid River, and did our modesty permit, we could record some extraordinary performances with the Rod. The Stone, or Thomas's Pool, is equal, if not superior, to any water on the Namsen. The voyage from Trondhjem to Bossekop occupies from seven to eight days.

There is another River beyond the Alten called the "Tana." It can only be reached by going across the country with a guide, for there is not any road leading to it. A couple of ponies must be hired to carry provisions, and a few changes of wearing apparel, Rods, &c. The best Pioneer for such a trip is one Abraham Motkar, a fellow of infinite merit as well as mirth, who is well known on the Banks of the Alten. He is quite an original—a perfect character in his way—but one of the most useful Bipeds that man ever engaged in

his service. We recommend all our friends to cultivate his acquaintance, for there is nothing to be done on the Alten, or indeed within fifty miles of it, without Abraham Motkar.

His adventures, his hair-breadth escapes, and the history of his chequered life, would fill a volume, and it shall go hard but his Fame shall be handed down to posterity by our humble pen on a future occasion. Abraham Motkar is the one of all others to pilot a stranger across the Fjelds, should he be tempted, when the Fishing-season is over, to enjoy a little Rein-deer shooting. Any "Fin" will answer the purpose, as far as personal safety is concerned, but Abraham Motkar is a laughing and crying philosopher rolled into one, for he can be jocose or lachrymose at will—and then the store of anecdotes he has treasured up!!—which have relation to his past life; to say nothing of his wit, which escapes from his lips as readily as milk from a cow, and, to carry on the *simile*, the more you extract

from him the better it is. We have mentioned the Tana in conjunction with the Alten. We should opine that none but an enthusiast in the sport will visit it. The difficulty of reaching this unfrequented River would deter many, but it is a capital Stream, and many a noble fish is to be taken. We have never visited it but once, and remained only three days. We saw enough, however, to convince us that it yields extraordinary sport to the Angler who does not mind rough work. The largest fish we killed weighed something over thirty-three pounds,—and, if we remember rightly, the sum total was seventy-two or three, and not one under eighteen pounds. The Tana, however, must be fished *down*, and not *up*. This must be borne in mind.

We have, however, said enough to convince the Reader that the sport to be met with in Finmarken is equal to any we have recorded of Norway; and the angling Tourist may take our word for it that he will not repent following our example in

running up from Trondhjem to the Alten, for at Kaafjord, to say nothing of our friend at Talvig, he will meet with gentlemen connected with the copper-works, whose acquaintance will cause him to look back with pleasure to the period when he first visited their hospitable Establishment. It is something to meet with cultivated minds and polished society in so remote a region.

Whoever may extend their tour to the Alten will quit Kaafjord and its enlightened Settlers with regret. This is the feeling we have ever experienced ; but we look forward to passing some happy weeks there for many seasons to come. The fishing over, the Angler will return by the steam-boat to Trondhjem, where he will remain to enjoy the hospitality for which its Inhabitants are proverbial. If the Traveller have brought his rifle and a deer-hound with him, he should not omit to hire a vessel, and go to the Island of Hitteren, where he will find Red-deer shooting in

perfection. This Island is between the mouth of the Trondhjem Fjord and Christiansand, and should be noted down in the Sportsman's memorandum-book as the spot of all others for him to visit. As we intend on a future occasion to make especial mention of this insular Paradise, we only state the plain fact that Red-deer abound in this locality, and that first-rate sport is to be met with.

We stated at the outset, that the pages of this little book would be devoted exclusively to Salmon-fishing, and we must, in conformity with that announcement, abjure every other topic. Our task is nearly ended, but we cannot conclude without offering a few parting observations to the Reader as regards the feelings of the Natives towards our Countrymen, and the friendly intercourse that happily exists. Independently of the enjoyment the Salmon-fisher must derive in the pursuance of his favourite sport, he will be no less gratified at his reception, and the facilities

that will be afforded him by the high and the low, the rich and the poor. From one end of the country to the other, an Englishman will be well received ; and to this cordial reception, the frankness and the hospitality, to say nothing of the exciting sport we have enjoyed, must be attributed the predilection we entertain for Norway. Irrespective of its attractions to the Salmon-fisher, Norway is a most interesting country. The Naturalist and Geologist will find ample scope for their indulgence in scientific pursuits ; while to the Artist a wide field is open for the exercise of his pencil. Wilder or more varied scenery it would be difficult to find, and he will be no less pleased with the Natives. Their habits and manners are primitive and inartificial in the extreme ; but the Norwegians are a warm-hearted and affectionate race of people. It must be confessed, however, that the Rustics in the interior of the country are permitted to remain in a lamentable state of ignorance. In the

larger towns there are schools and reading classes, which are now fully and frequently attended, and it is to be hoped that this thirst after knowledge will be encouraged by the local authorities, and that schools, with competent teachers, will be established in the remote provinces. The Bonders and their families are, as we have said, in a lamentable state of ignorance; but few of the Elders, even, can read, and a book is but rarely seen in their humble dwellings.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages under which the Peasantry necessarily labour, they are naturally religious and devout. The Sabbath is strictly kept, as far the formulæ of their church are concerned; although at Christiania and Trondhjem, as in other Continental Towns, the sacred duties of the day once performed, the evenings are devoted to innocent recreations and amusements. The Theatres are open, and are frequented by all classes. Neither are singing and dancing inter-

dicted at the several Establishments open to the public. We profess not to belong to that straight-laced clique of canting Humbugs, who would restrict the enjoyments of the lower orders. If these Ascetics choose to fast and pray on the Sabbath, instead of exhibiting a cheerful countenance and a light heart on the seventh day, in token of thankfulness to their Creator for the blessings afforded, let them. We quarrel not with them for their morose fanaticism ; but we lift up our voice against their endeavouring to force others to follow their Pharisaical example. To our poor thinking, there is less of real sin in dancing with one's friends and neighbours than getting drunk in public-houses *à la mode Anglaise*. Neither do we see any great crime in attending the Theatre on a Sunday Evening. The Stage is, or ought to be at least, a vehicle for morality, and it must be admitted, that listening to Shakspere's or Schiller's plays, has a far less demoralising influence on the human

mind than the obscene language indulged in by the frequenters of pot-houses. True, Religion is not incompatible with cheerfulness, and it never was intended by an all-wise Creator, that the day of rest should be a day of penance as well. Let the Maw-worms rant as they will, we shall never subscribe to their intolerant doctrine.

The Clergymen who make their periodical tours through the Provinces, are listened to by the Rustics with respectful attention. They never omit attending at the churches when divine service is performed, and strictly follow the duties required of them by those itinerant Pastors. The Norwegians may be set down as a good and a moral People—they have but few vices—the greatest of these is intemperance, and when the temptations and the facilities for the indulgence in strong drinks is taken into consideration, this can scarcely be wondered at. Every farmer was allowed, until lately, by the Government, to distil spirit from his own grain, so that, with the

enemy so close at hand, it is no matter of marvel, that an unenlightened Boor should succumb to its baneful influence. The Norse Bonders are proverbially honest, and rarely do they utter an untruth—a Norwegian's word is his bond. We never found one of them break faith with us—in short, we like the People and their Country. Norway holds out advantages to the Angler, which are not to be met with in any other portion of Europe. It has been shown, that he must make up his mind to subject himself to privations, for the fare afforded by the country is but scanty. After all, abstinence, and a change from a full and luxurious, to a thin and spare, diet, may be conducive to health. Of air and exercise, the Salmon-fisher will have plenty, and he will learn a very useful lesson—that of living frugally. When we first commenced this little volume, the stirring events that have shaken the Continent of Europe to its centre, were far from being contemplated, or even dreamt

of. How far these commotions may affect the Tourist remains to be seen. In the present disturbed state of the country, we opine that a visit to Hamburg, Altona, and Kiel, would be far from agreeable.

As we eschew scrimmages, and take no delight in being pummelled by a mob, we will endeavour to point out the easiest and safest available means for reaching either of the Norwegian capitals.

To *millionnaires* we should say, hire a yacht for the season, and proceed at once to Christiania or Trondhjem, but as this is rather an expensive proceeding, there may be a more economical mode of attaining the same end. By applying at the London or St. Catherine's Docks, it is possible that some Brig or Schooner may be discovered bound for Norway, and it is by no means improbable that the owner of some vessel of a hundred Tons or more might be induced for a moderate sum to take one or more passengers to Christiania, in the certainty of being enabled to freight her there

with Timber for this country. This experiment is worth trying ; we write advisedly, for this is the plan we mean to adopt, or rather to try, for there is no certainty of finding a Schooner or Brig disengaged at this season. If this fail, the last resource is Hull, from which port vessels are constantly sailing for Christiania, Trondhjem, Christiansand, Bergen, and, we believe, Drammen as well. From Hull, therefore, the Angling Tourist may be certain of obtaining a passage on moderate terms to either of the above ports. Within a few days from the period when this little book will make its appearance, the Norwegian Salmon-fisher will be on his way to this land of Fjeld, Fjord, and Foss. May the three F.'s yield him all the sport we so cordially wish him. Norway may be termed the spawningbed for Salmon ; the sea runs up into the heart of the country from almost every point of the compass ; it is the land of all others for the enthusiastic Sportsman. The happiest days we ever remember have been

passed on its peaceful shores, and to the latest hour of our existence we shall hold our Northern friends in affectionate remembrance; they have endeared themselves to us by their single-heartedness and their unostentatious kindness and hospitality. Long may the amicable intercourse continue between the two countries, and long may we, in conjunction with every true Brother of the Rod, visit the prolific Rivers of this favoured land: for Salmon-fishing it is unrivalled. In a few short weeks we shall be on the Namsen, and if this little book, which we fear has but imperfectly and faintly described the vast resources of this fluvial Paradise, should find favour in the eyes of our fellow-sportsmen, we intend to keep a journal of our proceedings during the present year, as at the close of the Salmon Season we propose extending our excursion in quest of the Elk and the Red-deer, and on our return in October our MS. will be confided to the Editor of the present volume,

he having kindly undertaken to put our rough notes together in a readable form. He desires us to express a hope that the present attempt may be favourably received, and to convey his assurance that no pains shall be spared on his part to render our forthcoming budget worthy of the patronage and support we in all humility look for. Gentle Reader! our Task is done. May we meet on the banks of the Guul, the Namsen, or the Alten, when we will pledge you in a glass of pallid ale, or a jorum of "cold without," and drink success to Salmon-fishing in general, and Jones's Guide to Norway in particular.

London, May 1st, 1848.

